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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

G U A D A L O U P E.



18136

Small, William F.

GUADALOUPE:

A TALE

OF

LOVE AND WAR.

"Love, war, a tempest,—surely there's variety;
Also a seasoning light of lucubration;
A bird's eye view, too, of that wild society;
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.
If you have naught else, here's at least satiety,
Both in performance and in preparation:
And though these lines may only line portmanteaus,
Trade will be all the better for these cantos."

BYRON'S DON JUAN, CANTO XIV.

BY ONE WHO SERVED IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1846-7,

IN THE LATE WAR WITH MEXICO.

PHILADELPHIA :

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Dedication.

TO

BREVET MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE CADWALADER,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

SIR:

Without asking your permission, and with no design to flatter, I respectfully dedicate the first canto of the following poem to you, as a tribute of respect for your character as a man, and of admiration of your gallantry as a soldier. Descended from a line of heroes, distinguished for their courage and patriotism in the Revolution, and for their devotion to the free institutions of the country, as well as for their unwavering defence of its interests and honor, in peace and in war, you are as much beyond the reach, as you are above the want, of any adulation at my hands.

In this conviction, and with this declaration, I make the present offering to your worth, with no hope of exalting myself in your estimation, or of obtaining celebrity through your patronage. A simple desire of expressing the sincere esteem

*

of one who was happy to serve with and under you, in the late war with Mexico, and who was proud to know you in the more peaceful walks of civil life, is the sole motive of the tribute. As you looked with favor upon his earliest efforts as a soldier, he gratefully avails himself of a time-honored "poetic license," to invoke your name, as a sort of sponsor to his first offspring as a bard, but with no design to make you responsible for its character, its tone or its tendency. These,—whatever they may be,—are chargeable only to

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

INTRODUCTIONS and prefaces are, to authors, what safety valves are to steam engines,—the means by which an excess of vapor, which it would be dangerous to retain, may be safely got rid of. Whatever of vanity, and the consciousness of having performed a great and important task, cannot be embodied in their works, writers usually express in this way, and, as prefaces are seldom read, it is perhaps the most harmless mode they could choose for self-glorification. The object of their labors; the extent and depth of their researches; the authorities they have consulted; the errors they design refuting, and the benefits

they intend to confer upon their readers "and the rest of mankind," are matters which they cannot explain so well in any other manner, and as the public are rarely inclined to enquire into an author's motives, it saves the reader a great deal of annoyance, to express them where he will not be troubled to look for them.

This preface, if read, will be found to contain few of the characteristics referred to, and, whether read or not, nothing will be found in it which is essential to an understanding of the matters which follow. The public will therefore lose nothing if they pass it over altogether. My only object in attempting thus to introduce my poem to the reader, is to say that it was designed to fill a vacuum in the history of the Mexican war, which the writers of the day have left unoccupied.

I do not pretend to be a poet, and I sincerely regret that an abler pen has not yet made an effort to sketch those incidents of the war, which form its most interesting features, and which can only be

expressed in the language of poetry. Historians may give us very exact and edifying accounts of the origin and progress of a war;—Partizans, in their eternal wranglings, may give us exaggerated and startling accounts of its glories, its horrors and its cost, and Statesmen may enlighten us as to its remote or immediate affects upon the welfare and destiny of the Nation;—but who will draw a faithful picture of the heroism, the dangers, the privations, the toils, sacrifices, sufferings and triumphs of the actors, if the poet and the painter decline the task? Partaking the feelings and the hopes, and sharing the enthusiasm of the soldier, they alone can adequately appreciate his conduct and position, and present him, as he is, to the admiration of his less excitable, because more practical, fellow citizens. They alone can feel and express the ardor of the hero, and breathe into a description of a battle or a siege, the impulsive spirit and the steady valor; the headlong daring and the cool determination, which inspire and

sustain the combatants, and which really constitute the living soul of war !

Although I am very certain that I can only perform such a task in a feeble and imperfect manner, as it is much easier to express a want, than to supply its demand, I have made the attempt, in the hope that if I fail, some one better qualified will assume and complete it.

The first steps towards it were really taken while the author was in Mexico, but with no intention to publish his efforts, and with no studied object in view. He has since resumed the task at intervals of leisure, and, at the instance of a few friends, to whom he exhibited his first sketches, he has reduced them to something like order. He cannot, however, claim for the poem the regularity of a narrative, or the reality of a history, but he thinks it will exhibit enough of the character of both, to render it acceptable to those who have a taste for such productions. More than this he has not attempted and does not anticipate.

The first canto is unavoidably occupied, as exor-

dium, in breaking ground for what may follow. If its reception by the public shall not warrant the publication of a second, all I have to say to the "intelligent reader," is, that I shall be sorry for the failure, and will atone for the blunder by avoiding all temptations that might lead me to a similar mistake in the future.

One word more. As my poem, or, if you please, my rhyme, relates chiefly to Mexico, and the events of the late war in that beautiful but unhappy country, I have given it the title of Guadaloupe.* "Our Lady of Guadaloupe" is one of the most eminent and popular saints in the Mexican calendar, and divides with San Miguel Soldado,† the patronage and devotion of the nation. Every thing pretty or interesting in the country, including some very charming women, wears the name, and I have therefore adopted it as applicable to the scenes, if not to the quality and spirit of my verse. Another reason for so doing may appear hereafter.

* Pronounced Waw-da-loop-ee.

† St. Michael, the soldier.

Guadalupe: A Tale of Love and War.

I.

HAIL Muse, or Muses!—maiden sisters Nine!

To whom all hapless rhymesters still must bow,
Or flounder through each marr'd and broken line

In which their unblest aspirations flow,
Invoking your celestial aid to shine

In verse, I bend in supplication low,
Hoping that some of you may find the leisure
To shape my soarings and improve my measure.

II.

I want to write a poem or a story,—

A lyrical romance, or epic tale,—

Something beyond the improvisatore
Of modern bards, which, weary, flat and stale,
Brings to its authors neither pence nor glory,
Pleases the public or commands a sale,—
Not that I mean to write for filthy pelf,
Or ask your aid to glorify myself:

III.

But while a world of headless hands are writing,¹
. “And all the rest of mankind” daily reading
Their lucubrations,—in effect inviting
Men of all tongues, tastes, talents, wit and breeding,
To throw the very slops of their inditing
Into the spiceless flood on which they’re feeding,
May I not give them something better still
Than this unsavory, intellectual swill?

IV.

I can, or could, or might, beyond all doubt,
Weave into rhyme the useful and the moral,
To put live bards to shame and vice to rout,—
But where’s a subject fit for such a carol?

Poetic topics have been quite worn out
By the dull crew of recent scribes, who mar all
They touch, and now, so shamelessly abused,
May not again by better hands be used.

V.

The drama is my forte, but gods and men,
Since Boker's advent, have in horror damn'd
Each luckless wight that yields a tragic pen:²
And groaning monthlies are of late so cram'd
With "Odes" and "Sonnets," past all mortal ken,
That Fame, stunned by their tuneless din, has
slam'd
Upon this tribe of literary bores,
Her shining temple's throng'd and outraged doors.

VI.

Lyrics are at a discount, since for cash
Barnum evoked one for the Crystal Palace,
For out of all the dull, insipid trash
That claim'd the prize, afflicted judges tell us
Not one possess'd the faintest sign or dash
Of soul or sentiment, save that by Wallace,

And if that was, of such a mass, the best,
God help the men who had to read the rest.³

VII.

Hirst,—vide Behemoth,—has proved the folly
Of writing what cannot be understood,—
See also his Pantheon;⁴—while Du Solle,
Who once pour'd out of rhyme a copious flood,
Has, in a sickly “Ode on Melancholy,”
Shown how in vain we war against our blood
When we attempt, as saints, in print to shine,
While our whole lives disprove each specious line.

VIII.

Miss Waterman, whose “heart was made to love”
And has, I most devoutly hope, found some
Fit object for its worship, and may prove,
In wedded life, her early “thoughts of home,”
Has, with her strains, so filled each echoing grove
That, forced to silence in all time to come,
Poetic boys and undeveloped ladies
May dream no more of blushing brides and—babies.

IX.

“Greek Girls” are not my weakness, and I leave
To Simmons all such wandering, wanton things,
Who only wake one’s heart to thoughts that
grieve,
And sometimes break, its strain’d and burning
strings ;
Besides, I deem it very wrong to weave
A story which, in all its phases, flings
A doubt on morals, and makes honest marriages
Less seemly than shame-purchased pomp in car-
riages.⁵ .

X.

And “Sylvan Scenes” have been so ably drawn,
By Spear’s too idle pen,⁶ I fear to tread
With him the frowning wood or smiling lawn ;
Indeed, I’m so addicted to my bed,—
When once I’m there,—I seldom see a dawn,
And, to my shame and sorrow be it said,
I look so rarely on the face of Nature,
I scarce could paint of her a single feature.

XI.

What subject then, Oh Clio! rhyming muse!
Shall I adopt, to ease my laboring brain?
What path to public praise and glory choose,
And, the path open, what the style and strain?
If in this strait of knowledge you refuse
Your aid and counsel, all my toil is vain,
And therefore from this strange and motly crowd
Of bards, I call for help on you aloud!

XII.

I pause for a reply,—and softly stealing,
Over each sense and through my kindling soul,
A new-born impulse comes, and every feeling
Is flushed with hope, while glory's radiant goal
Shines full before me, in its light revealing
Path, pitch and portal, in one brilliant whole,—
(I marvel much, just having made my lunch,
If this be inspiration or—the punch!)

XIII.

No matter which,—I'm fairly started now,
And o'er the current of my flowing strain,

Whatever clouds may low'r, or storms may come,
Like the bold Genoese, who dared the main,
In search of unknown shores,—I'll point my prow
With steadfast resolution to maintain
My onward course unchanged,—my polar star
The flashing orb that rules o'er Love and War!

XIV.

Oh, Love and War! how broadly and how strong
Your deep foundations in our hearts are laid!
The theme of history and the soul of song,
Woman's whole being—Man's absorbing trade—
Resistlessly ye lead the giddy throng
Of hopes that fire the dust of which we're made,
And o'er life's colder, duller dreams diffuse
Joy's brightest beams, and Glory's richest hues!

XV.

Nature herself, and nature's every child
Confess your mutual power in instincts true;
For whether civil, savage, tame or wild,
Creatures of every feature, form and hue,—

Man, beast and bird,—live only when beguiled
Or charm'd to action or repose by you ;
And ruling thus camp, court, cave, cell and cloister,
Doubtless you also animate the oyster !

XVI.

Why not?—all bivalves, oyster, clam and mussel,
Have hearts and eyes, as well as coats of mail ;
With these they, doubtless, see and feel and tussle,
As beauty wins them or as foes assail :
Just like the rest of earthly things that jostle
Each other as their loves or hates prevail ;—
Of this I'm certain, population spreads
With them, as other tribes, from fruitful beds.

XVII.

The very flowers, whose gorgeous colors seem
But given to beautify and glad the earth,⁷
Reflect in every blush the radiant beam
Of Passion's sun, and pour their perfumes forth
In gentle wooings, while, within them, stream
Poisons at war with all of mortal birth,—
Proving a bond of sympathy between us,—
I mean the world and you, Oh ! Mars and Venus.

XVIII.

And who will say ye are not both divine?
Do ye not mingle in our very blood,
And through our souls with peerless lustre shine?
When our first parents moved in primal good
Where worship'd they, but at Love's holy shrine?
And, when they fell, what nerved them as they
stood,
Defenceless else, amid creation's jar,
But heaven-sent courage, arming them for war?

XIX.

Bright rosy Love! thy magic influence
We own and welcome. Every shining dart
That wounds us wakes each wild and burning sense
To more than mortal joys; the swelling heart,
Throbbing with raptures, ardent and intense,—
Raptures which spells like thine alone impart,—
Feels in each pulse, as deep thy shaft is driven,
A sweet foreboding of the promised heaven!

XX.

But one defect impairs and shakes thy power,
One sad regret attends thy happy reign,—

Man's changeful heart, sway'd by each passing hour,
Too soon, alas, grows weary of thy chain,
Roving in wantonness from bower to bower,
And wooing still, with plight and promise vain,
Each budding flow'ret, every newer face,
That meets his gaze and older charms efface.

XXI.

Yet in his very wanderings he is true
To thy divine impulses, and confesses,
Even in his waywardness, how much is due
To thee of all that charms, exalts and blesses
His restless spirit; for the brightest hue
In which young Hope the sunny future dresses,
Would lure in vain, or, if attained, would prove
Obscure and dull, if not enhanced by Love.

XXII.

And what if Beauty wins him for awhile
From the loneshrine to which his faith is plighted?
Can it be very sinful to beguile
A moment thus with charms that mayn't be
slighted?

Should manhood frown on woman's witching smile,
And her sweet offerings wither unrequited ?
No, surely neither constancy nor truth
Demands such wrongs to Beauty, and, in sooth,

XXIII.

If asked, who could, or would, or should surrender
The happy privilege, not to say the duty,
The common meed of gallantry to tender
Wherever due?—why else should youth and
beauty
Make woman lovely, or more graces lend her
Than shrivel'd age, or features harsh and sooty ?
Nature herself declares, in instincts strong,
If not in words, such love cannot be wrong.

XXIV.

Not that she means, or I would have her say,
That it is just, or even at all defensible,
To throw a heart once woo'd and won away,—
Yet, while I hold the treason reprehensible,
And hate the wretch who flatters to betray,
It seems but right, and altogether sensible,

If single still, and one will not content ye,
That you may fairly fall in love with twenty.

XXV.

Love rules us all ! The greatest and the least
Are not too great or little for his arrows ;
Angel and sprite, saint, sinner, bird and beast,—
Including elephants and tiny sparrows,—
In common share the torments and the feast
Of the dread god,—excepting mules and barrows,—
And not a joy the heart of mortal knows
But springs from Love, and blesses as it flows.

XXVI.

It forms the aim of every aspiration
With which the young and bounding soul is rife ;
It is the stay of every tribe and nation,
The bond that gives them a harmonious life ;
In short, the base and tie of population,
It moulds those fiery elements of strife,—
Man's passions,—by a natural kind of casting,
Into a form, bright, beautiful and lasting.

XXVII.

What would we be without it?—who can say,
Unless we cite some monster for example;
For even tameless birds and beasts of prey,
Whose kinder instincts are by no means ample,
Love one another; fiercer far than they
Were man, if he alone should slight or trample
That soothing law, or principle, which nature
Has fixed in him and every living creature.

XXVIII.

Wide as the word, then, be the mandate given
To love whatever merits admiration,
And if we may not make of earth a heaven,
Or realize those dreams of reformation
For which a Fourier has so vainly striven,
We yet may reach a happy elevation,
And share a thousand other things in common,
Save,—and the exception is a fair one,—woman!

XXIX.

And whence those lights, whose cheering rays
illume
Man's upward progress, in the toilsome race,

Whose starting point is deep barbaric gloom,
Whose goal perfection, but the deeds that grace
The hero's arms?—the sword and dancing plume
Of war have led, and still all-dazzling trace,
The path of Empire, science, civilization,
To every struggling, grasping, rising nation.

XXX.

The first bold vessel that e'er dared the seas,
The first wild tribe that from their rude homes
stir'd,
The first essay of Art's dark mysteries,
And the first notes that wondering echo heard
Pour'd forth in music's measured harmonies,—
Waked, task'd, inspired or beckoned by the
sword,
Owned in their breath and birth the soul of Mars,
And made man what he is through countless wars!

XXXI.

Then sing, my Muse! the mingled joy and pain
Of Love's enchanting, War's exciting story!

What nobler themes could wake thy tuneful strain,
Or throw on man's dim path a ray of glory ?
Wisdom, religion, science, steam, in vain,
With novel charms and maxims grave and hoary,
Have shed their sober, peaceful lights around him,
And left him still the restless thing they found
him.

XXXII.

For wisdom spreads her cold and solemn pages
With much of pomp, but little of attraction,
Except to stately and ambitious sages,
Whose austere morals mock all human action,
Whose souls are ever wandering back to ages
Distant and dim, and, lost in deep abstraction,
Forget the world that round them breathes and
beams,
To pore upon some senseless cynic's dreams.

XXXIII.

Religion, too, o'erloaded with the forms
That crafty priests, for profit, put upon her,
Displays no more those pure and holy charms
Which once a simple world's glad worship won
her ;

A sordid zeal now only wakes and warms
Her hopes, and lust of temporal power and
honor
Drives her, still begging where she should com-
mand,
The servile puppet of a scoffing land.

XXXIV.

And science has been so abused by quacks,
So mystified by addle-brain'd pretenders,
So stun'd by vindications and attacks
Of fussy foes and arrogant defenders,
Who would, "an' if they might," upon their backs,
Like Atlas, bear the world and all its wonders,
That she has long since fled to parts unknown,
To muse,—dispairing of mankind,—alone.

XXXV.

Steam, it is true, is doing, and has done,
Much for this world, and something for the next
As o'er the land its snorting engines run,
Or wake old Neptune, startled and perplexed;

But, though it hath our admiration won,
The modern wonder hath as often vexed
As served our ends,—and fill'd earth, air and ocean
With wrecks, as well as trophies, in its motion.

XXXVI.

Cold, formal, thread-bare, laboring things like these
Are, as I said, incapable of changing
Man's heart, or Nature's yieldingless decrees;
Sometimes, indeed, his hopes and thoughts es-
tranging,
They win him for a while, but never please;
True to his instincts, through the wide world
ranging,
He yields, obedient to the voice of Jove,
His soul and faith alone to War and Love!

XXXVII.

This doctrine will, no doubt, appal the ears
Of pious non-resistants, who contend
That war is wrong, *per se*, and he who wears
A sword, although it be but to defend
3*

His native land,—nay more, the judge who bears
The brand of justice,—doth as much offend
As any cut-throat that e'er took the road,
Or Hay nau-like delights in human blood.

XXXVIII.

They tell us that all violence is evil,—
Granted,—unless it be to gain a good,
Which may not be achieved by being civil;
They say, too, and I wont be understood
As contradicting them, that the arch devil
Rejoices when we shed each other's blood,
And add, if smote on one cheek, we must smother
Our anger, and all meekly turn the other.

XXXIX.

Now this I must, and will, and shall deny,
Because it is unnatural and absurd;
Justice is worth contending for, and I
Would take the ruffian boldly by the beard,
And give, to curb him, or at least I'd try,
The law of Moses, from Mount Sinai heard,
Demanding tooth for tooth,—let cowards quail,
I'll fight for cause, and “go it tooth and nail.”

XL.

These fellows, like all other brainless sects,
Forget one half the law they would expound,
And while they labor to distort some text,
Only confuse themselves, and worse confound
The faith they follow, 'till at length perplexed
By canting sophistry and senseless sound,
They sieze on some apt dogma, and proclaim
Their bastard faith in heaven's perverted name.

XLI.

But, though I know it is a hopeless task
To set such hollow hypocrites to thinking,
Much more to put them right, I just will ask
One simple question which admits no blinking,
And must be met and answered without mask,
Dodging or begging, shuffling or shrinking,—
It is,—if God so much all strife abhors,⁸
Why did he arm our fighting cocks with spurs?

XLII.

Or why have tigers such a lust for blood,
With fangs, and claws, and strength to gratify

Their carnal appetites?—or for what good
Were given the eagle's talon, beak and eye?
Or why should half the living world be food
To t'other half, if such a harmony
As theirs, who talk so much of *peace* and love,
Had been the will of all-creating Jove?

XLIII.

But Time and Progress will such changes bring,
'Tis said, as man has never seen before,
And human reason, purified, will fling
Such sublimating influences o'er
All the vile passions and desires that spring
In our now wicked hearts, that we shall soar,
As very angels, far above the mire
Of earth, made pure by faith's refining fire!

XLIV.

Now, though I do not doubt, nor will deny
That such a better time as this may come,—
For everything is possible, and I
Have seen enough to strike all doubters dumb,—

Things daily happening, which no less defy
All human calculation,—yet I've some
Good reason to conjecture such a change
Slightly beyond progression's widest range.

XLV.

Man is not all a spirit or a worm,
But both at once; and though he boasts a mind
Whose giant power can raise and rule the storm,
And the fierce lightning curb, and teach and
bind,
He wears a weak and perishable form
Whose passions will burst forth, mislead and
blind,
And moulded thus, he can at best but be
A shining link 'twixt dust and Deity !

XLVI.

He is what God has made him, and no less ;—
Would you, ye saintly sages, have him more ?—
No ! howsoever far he may progress,
He still will love and hate as heretofore ;

Refinement may, and will, exalt and bless,
But will his senses slumber in his lore?
And hope, ambition, glory, cease to charm,
Or insult, jealousy and wrong to warm?

XLVII.

I hope as much for man from coming time
As the most ardent, wisely, may expect,
But ere he can be wholly free from crime,
And in the fountain of his thoughts reflect
Nought but the beautiful, the pure, the sublime,
Or walk the earth in angel glories deck'd,
He must be born a saint, and jump the stages—
The weaknesses and ills—of life's "seven ages."

XLVIII.

And, let me ask, what would the world now be
If all the priceless harvests, which the sword
Has reap'd, were lost?—what nation would be free,
Or what examples would the past afford
To lead the future on to Liberty?
What tyrant ever yet, with frank accord,
Gave freedom to a supplicating land,
Or yielded justice to an unarmed hand?

XLIX.

It's very easy when we are hard press'd
For reasons to support some fav'rite theory,
To put a doubter's cavillings to rest
By calling to our aid some quaint "*a priori*,"
Some holy axiom or divine behest,
Which reaches his, and proves our, "*a posteriori*,"
And lay our bantling, fatherless before,
Thus safely wrap'd in cant, at heaven's door.

L.

But I confess, although the plan succeeds,
In using it we still some peril run, for
The brawling brats which bigot fancy breeds,
And thus by faith are "taken in and done for,"
Are hard to keep within bounds and must needs
Show their vile blood and birth, if only fun for,
And very often in a moment spoil
Long years of prayerful hope and pious toil.

LI.

Thus it has proved with all the monkish frauds
Which Greece and Rome imported from the Nile,

To bolster up a faith in monster-gods,
With human instincts, earthy, gross, and vile ;
Who now such cunning mockeries applauds ?
Or who approves, though he, perhaps, may smile,
When tales of Jupiter's mad pranks are told,—
Of rampant bulls, wild swans, and showers of
gold ?

LII.

If 'twere not for the bright and winning dress
Of poetry thrown o'er Olympian revels,
These heathen deities would scarce seem less,
Or more, than just so many roistering devils ;
So little have we cause to praise or bless
Their wicked doings and their shining evils ;—
In deeds less bold than Jack the giant killer,—
In rev'rence far beneath our Father Miller.

LIII.

But this is scarcely to the point ;—I mean
No theocratic essay now to write,
Though, if occasion served, or it had been
My purpose, no one could, I'm sure, indite

One half as brilliant, bitter, savage, keen,—
Because I hate and loathe each pagan rite
That lent a mythic charm to falsehood's altar,
And made e'en Truth, o'erwhelm'd and dazzled,
falter.

LIV.

I only meant to ask a simple question
Of those philosophers and saints, who preach
The non-resisting faith and such like fustian,
Intending by examples apt to teach
That, of the wilderness of faiths, the best one
Is that which God has placed within the reach
Even of the humblest, dullest comprehension,—
Plain without art, profound without pretension.

LV.

And this forever speaks in Nature's voice,—
Telling an unadorned and truthful story,—
That if we're happy, we may well rejoice ;
If sad, we cannot but be dull and sorry ;
If love of praise and honor be our choice,
We may, with no great sin, seek fame and glory ;
In short, as culminates our ruling star,
Laugh, sigh, toil, love, or even go to war !

LVI.

As flowers with smiles the joyous earth adorn,
Or clouds, by lightnings riven, all trembling
weep;
As plenty laughs amid her waving corn,
Or famine howls along each barren steep;
So man, amid a thousand changes born,
Must sing or groan, laugh, sigh, or soar or
creep,
As these inspire or mould his pliant will,
And be, whate'er his faith, a mortal still !

LVII.

And yet I am no fatalist, nor one
Who deems that chance controls man's least
affairs ;
But while I own he's free enough to run
Without the chain which lifeless matter wears,
I cannot grant him power to turn or shun
The current of that stream of time, which
bears
Him and his fortunes on, and in whose wave
He had his birth, and soon shall find his grave.

LVIII.

Like bubbles on that dark and stormy tide,
We follow still its calm or eddying flow,
Scarce conscious, in our self-sufficient pride,
Or whence we came, or whither we shall go;
And while more perfect knowledge is denied
In this life's voyage, it is enough to know
We rise or sink, as ebb and flow the laws
Which bind each atom to its parent cause.

LIX.

Enough of this:—too long already wandering
From the true current of my glowing theme,
Whose vocal course, by flowery banks meandering,
Invites me to its bright and flashing stream:—
I'll plunge at once,—but not like hot Leander in
The chilling Hellespont, to rise all steam,
Or win an ague which his Hero's arms
Could scarce subdue, with all love's burning
charms.

LX.

But, much more prudent, I shall safely float
Adown my story's smooth or stormy tide,

Provided with a trim and well found boat,
And with my mistress seated by my side—
Sweet, sprightly Fancy—just to help me note
And shape events, as on we rush or glide,—
And now, kind reader, with a fav'ring gale,
I'll start at once my voyage and my tale.

LXI.

Yet stay,—I must apologize for such
A hydropathic prelude to my song ;
I'm surfeited myself, and will not touch
Another drop, but take to "something strong;"
I did not purpose to throw half as much
Cold water in my rhymes, though I belong
To that most useful of all public bodies
Who're pledged to put down cobblers, slings, and toddies.

LXII.

And how I got in such a liquid strain,
Of streams, tides, currents, I cannot divine ;
I surely have no dropsy on the brain,
Nor am I prone to flowing cups of wine ;
But somehow all my metaphors have lain
In waves, and floods, and seas of flashing brine ;

My muse must certainly be Neptune's daughter,
Or she would drown in such a "waste of water."

LXIII.

I will, however, try to keep on shore
Hereafter, and in future figures try land ;
Or, if I should attempt the wave once more,
My aqueous tropes shall hug some pleasant island,
Where they may land, if need be, and explore
Its grottoes, caves, woods, dells and jutting high
land,
For similes to grace my story's moral,
Apart from sea-weed, cockle-shells and coral.

LXIV.

And now, thank heaven, I've really done of
spinning
Preparatory webs, that do but warp
One's thoughts from the true aim of a beginning ;
And so I sieze at once and strike my harp,
Trusting its notes may prove, if not praise-winning,
Not altogether flat, nor yet too sharp ;—
I'll try a natural key, and, if I fail,
Yours be the loss and mine shall be—the wail !

LXV.

Hark ! o'er the Rio Grande's turbid stream
What sounds portentous, faintly echo'd come !
And lo ! what pageant woos the morning beam,
With swelling bugle and deep-rolling drum !
A host of threatening lances proudly gleam
In the dim distance, while hoarse murmurings
boom,
From wide mouth'd cannon, whose exulting roar
Breathes a defiance to our startled shore !

LXVI.

And why hath Mexico, with wild alarms,
Thus roused her dreamy sons from their repose ?
What sudden impulse animates and warms
The sluggish blood that through their dull veins
flows ?
Why calls she to the conflict dire of arms
Her Cazador from Orizaba's snows,
To mingle with her dark and fierce Ranchero,
Her warlike Priest and gallant Caballero ?

LXVII.

What foe has dared to tread her burning plains,
To quench the flickering liberty she shares?
Have royal ruffians forged again the chains
Which once the new, as now the old, world
wears?

No, it is not that bold invasion stains
Her soil, or that a scepter'd foeman dares
To win her back to vassalage,—but she
Is drunk with pride, lust, hate and jealousy!

LXVIII.

She cries for vengeance, while she burns with
shame,
And pours her warlike legions panting forth,
A free but rebel province to reclaim
From her o'er-shadowing rival of the north,—
Whose power, whose splendor and whose dazzling
fame,
In all the arts that give her wealth and worth,
She views with jealous eyes, and now would dare
To mar the glories that she cannot share!

LXIX.

But vain the task, and fruitless all her toil :—
Too long has Texas kept her foes at bay,—
And never more shall her free sons or soil
Confess or fall beneath the tyrant sway
Of Mexico, or prove her dupe or spoil,
If Uncle Sam had not a word to say ;
While he, since she has now become a State—
Reckons on keeping her, I calculate.

LXX.

Ten years had passed since, gallantly, she won
On San Jacinto's memorable plain
Her Independence, and each year had shown
Increasing strength her freedom to maintain ;
While Mexico had yearly feebler grown,
And less inclined her empire to regain ;
And Justice, strengthen'd by a world's decree,
Gave Texas sovereign power, and made her free.

LXXI.

Paper blockades, and unpursued demands
No longer claim respect, or give a right,

Else might the weakest bind the strongest hands,
And vain pretenders wield unbounded might ;
But sov'reigns now, who deign to give commands,
Must show their warrants in the clearest light,
And should not only prove their claims as made,
But own the power to make their wills obey'd.

LXXII.

Such is the law of nations, and 'tis just,
For as we have no arbiter but force,
When kings or states fall out, their quarrels must
Be estimated, as a thing of course,
Not by the principles in which they trust,
So much as in the strength of their resource
In "villainous saltpetre," and the scales
Of justice leans as victory prevails !

LXXIII.

So when a differing people would decide
Some point in politics, whose moral mocks
Their cunning reason, they at once divide,
And try the question at the ballot-box,--

Convinced that truth is on the stronger side,—
And howsoever the decision shocks
The vanquish'd party, they display no wit,
Nor grace nor merit, if they don't submit.

LXXIV.

Then why should Mexico again appeal
To arms, when once their stern but just award
Pronounced against her? May the common weal
Of nations with impunity be mar'd?
Is every braggart, who may chance to feel
Warlike or wolfish, free to disregard
All human obligation, right and rule,
And play, at will, the conqueror or the fool?

LXXV.

No, much as we're disposed to let the world,
As men or nations, follow their own noses,
When war his sable standards all has furl'd,
And his red sword within its sheath reposes,
We can't consent that thunder should be hurl'd
By human hands, when lust or malice chosess,
Or cry "God speed," when envy, pride or hate
Would crush, because it could not rule, a state!

LXXVI.

And so I cannot, may not, say "amen"
To Mexico, when, wild with indignation,
She wakes from half an age's sleep, again
To claim a province lost past reclamation;
Not that she cares for Texas,—soil or men,—
But to avenge her hated annexation
To our bright halo of increasing stars,
Whose light she dreads, whose glory she abhors!

LXXVII.

Well! let her come! she'll have a cause profound
To recollect the day that she advances
A hostile foot beyond her rightful bound,
Or shakes, with boding rage, her savage lances
Upon what should be held as neutral ground,
Because disputed!¹⁰—soon the eagle glances
Of watchful sentinels shall mark and know
Their banners as the heralds of a foe.

LXXVIII.

And dark and terrible shall be the day
When her exulting hosts shall meet that band,

Who now, in battle's stern and dread array,
Dauntless and cool, but firm and faithful stand,
Anxious for peace, yet ready for the fray,
Should any foe assail their cherish'd land ;
And vainly as the sea assails our rocks
Shall war on them expend his fiercest shocks !

LXXIX.

They come !—at length the “ Rubicon is past.”—
And nought is heard but the wild echoings
Of their invading footsteps ; and the blast
Of proud defiance, which their bugle flings,
Has reach'd and rous'd our sentinels at last.
Peace flies the land, though with reluctant wings,
And now our warriors must prepare to meet
The foe, or lay their banners at his feet.

LXXX.

Perhaps our sapient peace men would proclaim
The latter course the best and wisest, for
With them there is no darker, deeper shame,
Than for a nation to indulge in war :
It's nothing to forego the glorious name
Our fathers gave us,—nothing now to mar
Our ripen'd liberties,—to bend the knee,—
And nothing,—that's a fact,—to cease to be !

LXXXI.

But these are “nothings,” which, as “men of blood,”—

Noble and warlike blood,—we’re apt to add
Together, just to ascertain what good

Out of a sum of “nothings” may be had;
And if the calculated product should

Yield nothing, you can’t deem our doctrines bad,
If we conclude that “nothing,” more or less
Than this, displays a craven nothingness.

LXXXII.

They come! and murder follows in their track!

As venom marks the path the serpent crawls:
No bold defence of right, no brave attack,

Their boasted valor into action calls;
Witness how by the daggers of this pack
The gallant Cross in secret ambush falls!
His blood, an offering by assassin’s given,
Cries out for vengeance from the earth to heaven!

LXXXIII.

And vengeance shall be his and ours ere long,
For though man may by craft and crime delay
The hour of justice, there is none so strong
In will or power, that can avoid the day
Of retribution, when each hoarded wrong
Shall rise against him in a dread array ;
And wrath which, though it slumber'd, was not
dead,
Shall then fall, wardless, on his guilty head !

LXXXIV.

'Till then they come ! and Taylor saw with pain
Their hostile legion swarming on our shore ;
But while he felt the deep and burning stain
Their footprints left upon our soil, he bore
The insult patiently, and tried again,
By firm but mild remonstrance to restore
Pacific intercourse and kind relations
Between the neighbor, though the rival, nations.

LXXXV.

And in advance of his impatient host
The noble Worth with peaceful mission sent,
Imploring Mexico to count the cost
Of such a war, before all hope was spent ;
But vain the mission, for, to reason lost,
The foe on carnage and revenge seem'd bent,
And ere their march began, had, in their rage.
Outraged the nation and disgraced the age !

LXXXVI.

For neither making war, nor keeping peace,
And reckless of a world's reproving frown,
As if they meant the quarrel to increase,
And prove how desperate in the wrong they'd
grown,
They made our consul strike his flag and cease
His sacred functions, and although not thrown
Into a dungeon, he escaped the jail
Only to have an arm'd police for bail. (¹¹)

LXXXVII.

Held under what they term a “surveillance”
Among the French, when “order reigns” in
Paris,

That is, when despotism crushes France,
And the chief object of its tender care is
To watch each honest man with vigilance,
Lest too much liberty should, haply mar his
Repose,—our consul in the city’s verge
Was kept a sort of prisoner at large.

LXXXVIII.

When asked if he was free to act, they said
Of course he was, and yet they would not show
him ;
But why, if still allowed to wear his head,
He could not be produced, so Worth might know
him,
Was more than they could answer, and the dread
With which they spoke, show’d how they would
bestow him
If left alone, and proved a purpose steady
To have a war,—which they’d begun already.

LXXXIX.

Yet, patient still, this insult, too, we bore,
Hoping, against despair, to close the breach
Which Mexico seem'd bent on widening more
By threatening attitudes and hostile speech ;
And so again we halted to implore
Her better sense a juster course to teach,
Wishing that every claim of either nation
Might still be settled by negotiation !

XC.

But vain the hope, and every mild appeal,
For she would talk of nought but "deeds of
arms,"
No arbitration but the flashing steel,
And no debate but battle's stern alarms ;
She even look'd upon our earnest zeal
To soothe and bring her to pacific terms,
As proofs of fear, and, as our words grew milder,
She bluster'd all the more, and storm'd the
wilder.

XCI.

So, at the first, Almonte stoutly swore,
When we proposed to Texas annexation,
That if we dared advance one footstep more,
However cautious, 'twards its consummation,
His outraged nation would, o' the instant, pour
Upon us its deep wrath and indignation,
And bloody war, with all its kindred terrors,
Should soon convince us of, and scourge, our
errors.

XCII.

We gently hinted then that Uncle Sam
Was much inclined to manage his affairs
To suit himself, and though he wouldn't slam
His door upon a king, nor kick down stairs
A minister, he didn't care a d——n
For any nation that should take such airs;
And while Almonte's threats were not worth
heeding,
They clearly proved his want of wit and breeding.

XCIII.

We told him, too, that Texas was a free
And sovereign nation, and was fashion'd so
In just the self-same natural mode that we
Had been, as well as warlike Mexico,—
A happy union of the will to be
And power to do:—what title could he show,
Better than this, for all the wide domain
And empire Mexico had wrung from Spain ?

XCIV.

We knew his masters were disposed to own,—
A fact they could no longer well deny,—
That Texas had to Independence grown,
But, casting on the north a jealous eye,
They wish'd to bind her to exist alone,
And, if her gallant people would comply
With such a base proviso, Mexico
Would hail the power she fain would overthrow.

XCV.

But, more than this, we had good cause to know
That France and England shar'd the jealousy

With which she saw our towering empire grow,
And state on state add to its galaxy
Their beaming constellations, and to show
How much we feared their league or rivalry,
We gave Almonte, ere his rage grew cold,
His passports, and—took Texas to our fold.¹²

XCVI.

But this is prosy, and I won't pursue
So dull a task as argument in rhyme,
For it is difficult to clothe the true
And stubborn facts of dull and plodding time
In fancy's brighter garb of rainbow hue ;
We're apt to step beyond the true sublime
Of poetry, by trying thus to blend it
With facts which often mar, but seldom mend it.

XCVII.

I'll, therefore, not attempt to mould or mingle
Discussion and diplomacy again,
With the imaginings that yet may jingle
In easy verse from my harmonious pen ;

In truth there is no need to add a single
Expostulate to what must be so plain :—
Our neighbors only sought, as the world knows,
A pretext to become our bitterest foes.

XCVIII.

They would not, and they could not be appeased ;
They would not listen to an explanation ;
Like fretful children, who will not be pleased,
Their rage grew fiercer with exhortation,
'Till, stung with shame at their own faults, they
 seized
The iron arguments of desperation,
And tried to prove themselves entirely right
By a most silly eagerness to fight.¹³

XCIX.

Then blazed through Mexico the fires of war ;
Then peal'd her clarions, summoning to arms ;
Then burst her wrath, and, echoing afar,
Like the deep mutterings of her summer storms

When rushing elements in conflict jar,
Swept o'er our land, and waked, with stern
alarms,
The lion spirit which our fathers bore
When Freedom's earliest foe assailed our shore!

C.

The soul that made them heroes was not dead,
Nor had it slumber'd in the long repose
That peace had given us, but, still conquering, led
Our hardy people 'gainst a thousand foes
Wherever art, adventure, commerce sped ;—
It made our forests "blossom like the rose,"
Built cities up, and won, with manly toil,
Triumphs that shame War's best and richest spoil !

CI.

All that could make a people bold and strong,
All that can make a nation truly great,—
The virtues which to manhood still belong,
And, while they polish, fortify a state,—
Were theirs, with that quick, manly sense of wrong
That scorns the power that would intimidate,

And, like the electric shock which wakes and warms.

Thrill'd through their souls the startling call "To arms."

1.

"To arms!"—thus sped the thrilling cry,
Throughout the echoing land,
While eager flash'd each hero eye,
And dauntless grew each hand,—
"To arms!—a foeman treads our shore
To ravage and to spoil,
And Freedom calls her sons once more
To vindicate her soil!

2.

"Unfold your banners to the breeze,
Light up your council fires,
And wake the warlike memories
Of your great and gallant sires.
Heirs to their Liberties and Fame,
Assert your glorious birth,
By deeds that shall at once proclaim
Your lineage and your worth!

3.

"Gird up each stout and manly loin,
And, with a purpose high
In one unbroken phalanx join
To conquer or to die :—
To conquer in the holy cause
Of country, home and right,
Or die, amid a world's applause,
The foremost of the fight!"

CII.

As forests by autumnal tempests stirr'd,
As surges driven along the troubled deep,
So rock'd the mighty nation, and so pour'd
Its living tides, while onward as they sweep,
In waves of eager chivalry, are heard
From city, hamlet, vale and mountain steep,
Naught but the echoings of that battle cry,
Which summon'd hosts to death or victory !

CIII.

And not alone an army train'd to war
Answer'd that wild and thrilling call to arms,

But, as its stirring echoes sped afar,
Fresh from their looms, their work-shops and
their farms,—
From warehouse, college, studio and bar,—
Rush'd a free people,—not for glory's charms,—
But to avenge, with faithful heart and brand,
And rifle true, the insult to their land.

CIV.

There was no lack of heroes, and the world
Saw, with incredulous wonder and surprise
That war's dread bolts could be as deftly hurl'd
By freemen, conscious of their liberties,
As by a host, above whose ranks unfurl'd
Th' emblazonry of Princes flaunts the skies,
And that a pure Democracy may own
A power as great as that which guards a throne.

CV.

The gallant South, the bold and hardy North,
The polished East, and the adventuring West,
In gen'rous emulation sallied forth
Responsive to the nation's proud behest,—

Not as a rabble, but with wealth and worth,
And every social good that makes man blest,
Join'd in their ranks, and in each hero band
Were first to serve, the ablest to command.

CVI.

The meteor flag their noble fathers bore,
When Britain vainly sought to make them slaves,
Now in its starry glory, as of yore,
A pledge of victory, o'er them proudly waves,
And woe to him who treads our heaving shore
With hostile foot, and in his rashness braves
The scathing terrors, which, like lightnings hurl'd,
Flash from it, thus in battle's front unfurl'd.

CVII.

Towards the heavens it lifts each shining fold,
Freedom's glad sign, and Freemen's guiding star,
Like Israel's burning herald, which of old
Led God's own chosen people, journeying far,
In quest of liberty,—though toils untold
Lie in its path, nor flood, nor chance of war
Shall stay the march of those whose faithful gaze
Draws hope and courage from its cheering blaze.

CVIII.

And onward sweeps that wild and swelling tide
Of human surges, whose roused passions all
Seem concentrated in a deep and wide
Desire of vengeance,—one impulsive thrall,—
That silences each thought that might divide
Its empire o'er them, and as rise or fall
Its billows, in its tempest-driven course.
The torrent gains in fury and in force.

CIX.

Even politicians mingle in each wave, (14)
And many a fierce and wrangling partisan
Forgets to prey upon, and joins to save,
His country, and becoming all a man
And patriot, speaks as speak the free and brave
When faction ceases to excite and fan
Those grosser passions, whose unholy fires
Consume their victims in their own desires.

CX.

But in the midst of all this preparation
And overflow of patriotic zeal,

Quite different thoughts obtruded on the nation ;—
For softening sentiments will ever steal
Into our hearts, when, in their perturbation,
They seem the sternest,—teaching us to feel
That though grim Mars at times commands our arms,
Venus still holds us, bound in Beauty's charms ;

CXI.

Charms that forever cling around the heart
The closer as we near the dreaded hour
When fate or fortune snaps each thread apart,
And all the spells of woman's witching power
Dissolve in tears. For not without a smart
The boldest sees the clouds of battle lower
Upon the hopes that Love has spread before him,
And glory pales amid the gloom shed o'er him.

CXII.

And there were tender partings and embraces,
Adieus and sighs, and many a burning vow,
And heaving breasts, and sad and pallid faces,
Dim doubts and fears, whose heavy bodings bow
The spirit down, or leave their darkling traces
Long, long upon the soul, no matter how

Its manlier thoughts and aspirations high
May war against them for the mastery.

CXIII.

Ambition may not wholly ward the pain,
Or cure the grief, the breast is doom'd to feel,
When Love has won it to his bright domain,
And some unlook'd for turn of fortune's wheel
Breaks, suddenly, the soft and silken chain
That bound it to its idol;—lock'd in steel,
In toil or battle, storm or sunshine, yet
That one sweet dream it cannot all forget.

CXIV.

The highest gifts of fortune or of power,
The proudest honors which the world bestows,
And all the dazzling glories Fame can shower,
Nor warm, nor cheer us as the flame that throws
Its hallowing beams from Beauty's rosy bower,
To lure and charm us as it purely glows—
And even the sternest of our kind still prove
But giddy moths around that light of Love.

CXV.

And so my hero thought and felt, and so
He moved and acted, as I soon shall mention
Much more at large, and should an hour ago
Have done, perhaps, as it was my intention
At first to introduce him, and to show,
Through him, that this is not a mere invention,
Got up for my own special gain or glory,
But a most truthful and instructive story.

CXVI.

A poem is not worthy of the name
Of epic, if it has no hero in it,
For whatsoever merit it may claim
As a mere essay, though a sybil spin it,
The world would deem it profitless and tame
Unless heroic deeds and sufferings win it,
The sympathy and admiration due
To scenes that either are, or may be true.

CXVII.

And as I purpose to indite a story,
Which, if it be not altogether real,

Shall point a moral, and reflect some glory
Upon our nation's arms and common weal,
I'll set my hero, if I can, before ye
“Arm'd all in *proof*,” if not “lock'd up in steel,”
And let him, in his life and deeds, portray
The thoughts, hopes, doctrines, I would sing or say.

CXVIII.

But still to chose a hero is a task
Which puzzles most bards, for amid the number
Who in the blaze of glory's sunshine bask,
There are but few whose names would not encum-
ber
A moral story, and the world will ask
Those who select from such historic lumber
To pick, at least, sound timber, such as makes
Good “platforms,”—which, at best, are no “great
shakes.”

CXIX.

To seek among the living sons of fame
Is dangerous, I know, for every one,
Doubtless, imagines his particular name,—
Brown, Smith or Jones,—beyond comparison

The very one to put the old to shame—

Not even excepting that of Wellington,
Whose worth has been so well and widely spread,
There's nought to add, except, thank God, "he's
dead."

CXX.

He's buried, too, and if within his grave

His vices, with his ashes, were entomb'd
It would a deal of toil and trouble save

To his biographers, who now are doom'd
To labors that would crush a galley slave,

To prove that half the laurels that have bloom'd
Along his path, were not a bastard breed
Of hot-bed plants that never came to seed.

CXXI.

His life was made of accidents and crimes,

And his successful butcheries in the East,
Which won his "iron" title from the times,

Of all his bloody blunders were the least,
For though he war'd in many lands and climes,

No love of justice warm'd his ruthless breast,
And Freedom dreaded, while mankind abhor'd,
The bootless triumphs of his flaming sword. (15)

CXXII.

My hero must be one who will not need
The purchas'd praises of a venal pen,
Nor court a cringing politician's meed
Of fame reflected back from better men ;
Simple in sentiment, but firm in deed,
He'll stand a plain, straight forward citizen,
In peaceful times, though fierce as frowning Mars
When Freedom calls him to her holy wars.

CXXIII.

And such shall be my Randolph,—so I call him,—
His christian name St Charles,—as good as any,—
But still I hope his critics won't o'erhaul him,
If, peradventure, in the view of many
He will not, in the fate that may befall him,
Prove either saint or sage, for even then he
Will only show, as Shakspeare did the same
In Romeo's case,—there's nothing in a name. (16)

CXXIV.

In truth I merely name him thus to single
My hero from the crowd of heroes, who

In this heroic age and country mingle
Their names with those of the "immortal few,"
Whose glorious deeds a willing Fame will sing well
Till times last echo,—what she'll ever do
With the pretenders, passes divination,
Unless she damns them with their own laudation.

CXXV.

This certainly would mollify their vanity,
For nothing so rebukes and cures conceit,
Unless, indeed, it soars to stark insanity,
As, like a very echo to repeat
The idle babblings of its own inanity ;
The genuine praises of the world are sweet,
But when obliged to purchase or to make it,
Fame turns to physic,—dogs would scarcely take it.

CXXVI.

To cram a quack with his own patent pills,
To pay a forger in his own base coin,
To make a tapster drink the drugs he fills
To muddled customers, for honest wine,

Compared with theirs, are sufferable ills,
Who, forced to fan the flame in which they shine
See all their glory sink at last to zero
From too much puffing;—but now to my hero,

CXXVII.

Most epic authors love to throw a mystery
Over a hero's birth and early days,
As if they were afraid that a true history
Of these would much impair his claims to praise,
But mine, whatever, reader, you may list, or he
May prove in mandoor's stern and sober days
Shall come before you just as he appear'd
Struggling towards discretion and a beard.

CXXVIII.

Few men, I know, can look back on the past,
Especially their boyhood, without blushing;
And modern youths have grown so very "fast,"
Progress, with most of them, is simply rushing
Into excesses which impair and blast
The brightest hopes with which life's spring is
gushing;—

But still the errors which surround life's portal
Are, in the main, but proofs that we are mortal;

CXXIX.

Mere things of clay, whose chiefest glory lies
In warring with the perils that beset us,—
To bear against our fate, and struggling rise
Above the obstacles that chafe or fret us;
And if some fall or fail to win the prize,
That saints and sages to exalt have set us,—
It does not follow that we're worse in heart
Than those who made a better end or start.

CXXX.

For as we cannot drive ills from life's door,
When first we pass from the paternal hearth
“Into this breathing world,” what can we more
Than strive against them? They are of the earth,
Not ours, and had their being long before
We hapless, helpless creatures had our birth:
Our virtue is but proved as they importune
Our weakness on this threshold of our fortune.

CXXXI.

If good intentions could confer exemption
From tempting accidents that lead to evil,
Mankind might justly hope for safe redemption
From the too wide dominion of the devil ;
But self-sufficient faith gives no prëemption
To heaven's domain, and from the beaten level
Of time, no power can lift us, or bestow
The stainless souls which angels only know.

CXXXII.

But this is neither to the point I meant
To illustrate, when just about producing
My hero, nor a part of my intent
In thus, with all his foibles, introducing
His story. It were folly to invent
Apologies or pretexts for seducing
His youth, and then to ask you to admire him
For virtues which hereafter may inspire him.

CXXXIII.

In truth I shall not paint him as a rake,—
For he was quite a model in morality,—

Nor shall I, on the other extreme, make
Him out entirely free from sensuality.
True to my purpose, I shall neither take
From, nor add to, his individuality,
But give him to you, just as I may find him,
With all the world before, and youth behind him.

CXXXIV.

I've merely said this much to warn the candid
And honest reader, from the silly notion
That heroes are a whit more even-handed,
Or steady-footed, in their faith or motion,
Than others are ; for whatsoever man did,
Does, or may do, in war, love or devotion,
All heroes have done,—and,—but let that pass,
And, now, behold my hero in your glass.

CXXXV.

About his parents I cannot say much,
Because I really know of them no more
Than that they were related to the Dutch,
Settlers of York, and in the county bore

An honest name, while their estate was such
That, though not rich, they had an ample store
For ease and independence, and could spare
To alms and hospitality a share.

CXXXVI.

Born, nursed and nurtur'd, just as you and I,
And many others who have lived before us,
He saw the clear light of his native sky
First from the margin of the dark Cadorus,
And there his early years flew swiftly by,
As with us all, ere manhood comes to bore us
With schemes of power and glory, hopes and fears,
And toils whose wages are but sighs and tears.

CXXXVII.

At fourteen he was sent to Princeton College,—
A fine old institution, known to fame
For the immense amount of varied knowledge
Which it imparts, and one that lays a claim,
In this most learn'd and scientific dull age,
To an unbounded and undying name
For its resplendent lore in Greek and Roman,
And arts, of practical behoof to no man.¹⁷

CXXXVIII.

Here he acquired a smattering of Euclid,—

A study which I most devoutly hate,—
And laboring earnestly, as never Jew did,
Or ever will, he could at length translate
Ovid's whole “art of love,” and, what but few did,—
And to his credit only this I state,—
He did not idly learn the art,—the fact is
He carried it almost too much in practice.

CXXXIX.

In ethics and political economy

He made great progress, and could soon explain,—
From Genesis and Deuteronomy,—
The laws of Moses, and—who married Cain ;
But what he most excell'd in was Astronomy,
For he could tell you when each star would wane
And when the moon would fill her horns with light,—
He chiefly studied these things out at night.

CXL.

Princeton is famous for its pretty faces,

And, for a league or two, the country round,

Fair forms, ennobled by still fairer graces,
On every hand may be, with searching, found ;
And among all the interesting places
Where open hearts and handsome eyes abound,
I know of none so lovely and attractive
To those who seek *ideals* that are *active*.

CXLI.

It's just the place to send a moral youth to,
For rapid progress in his tastes and letters,
And, if to piety inclined, in truth you
Might search in vain for more devout abettors
Than its dear angels, who, in very sooth, do
Bind one's chaste soul in such delightful fetters,
That you would to their skirts most freely pin
Your faith, and never dream again of sin.

CXLII.

Indeed the neighborhood, and, I might say,
The State, is so proverbially pious,
That if we were inclined to go astray
The very atmosphere would still defy us ;
8*

And if sometimes the girls appear too gay
We may be sure they only tempt to try us,—
They never drop a smile, or bare a charm
With the least thought of doing any harm.

CXLIII.

And yet I don't mean to be understood
To say that Jersey girls are stiff or cold,
As free from all the rigors of the prude
As from the immodest ardor of the bold,
They're neither shy nor awkward, rough or rude,
And, to their lasting honor be it told,
They neither think of warming you, or chilling,
By being too unkind or yet too willing.

CXLIV.

Six months among these fascinating creatures,
With now and then a pic-nic or a fair,
To render you familiar with their features,
Will make the truth of this description clear,
While, if you are of an "enquiring nature,"
You'll find substantial proofs of gifts so rare
In many a radiant beauty who'll exhibit 'em,—
To one who can appreciate,—*ad libitem.*

CXLV.

And one such illustration met the gaze
Of our young hero, who, in Linda's eyes,
And graceful form, and frank and artless ways,
Traced every charm that in a maid we prize ;
His admiration led, of course, to praise,
And praise to love, and love to vows and sighs,
And other incidents that fill romances
With "thrilling raptures," "transports," "tears and
trances."

CXLVI.

At fourteen he could hardly be a lover,
And yet we sometimes feel at that quick age
More true affection than we e'er discover
At twenty-five, although even then not sage,—
And the dim instincts that, like visions, hover
Around our hearts, in this our hirsute stage,
If not in fact love, hate, ambition, pride,
Are to those passions very near allied.

CXLVII.

But jump the next two years, and then suppose
My hero past sixteen, well-shaped and tall,
And form'd to love and be beloved by those
Dear creatures who, since Adam's rise and fall
Beguile us of our empire and dispose
Our hopes, aims, ends, and in despite of all
Our sterner natures, or assumed austerity,
Mould, not ourselves alone, but our posterity.

CXLVIII.

At sixteen we attain to that condition
When all our sentiments from outward form
Assume their shape and tone, and "young ambition,"
That glorious artist,—paints in colors warm
The pleasant objects of each brilliant vision
That gives to life its bright but fleeting charm,—
At thirty-two such visions melt away
And dress our fading hopes in sober grey.

CXLIX.

No matter,—there's a time for everything,—
As saith the preacher, and our manhood's prime

Is not the time to moralize or fling
Wet blankets on our spirits, but a time
To laugh, and love, and dance, and so I'll bring
My muse down from a flight that's too sublime,
And turn from topics which appear didactical,
To one more pleasant, pertinent and practical.

CL.

St. Charles had now, as I have stated, grown
Handsome and tall, and, in his ripening years,
Discover'd what we all must sometime own
With joy, but still more frequently with tears,
That even the coldest hearts can't beat alone,
But ever seek, to share their hopes and fears,
Some kindred bosom, where they pour their woes,
And find in sympathy a sweet repose.

CLI.

And, as I more than hinted at, he found
In Linda's gentle breast that sympathy
His own now long'd for, for although around
Her came a crowd of flatterers, her eye

And cheek grew bright, but when the welcome sound

 Of his soft whisperings told her he was nigh;—
Of course she did not labor to conceal
A love it was so pleasant to reveal :—

CLII.

And yet she did not boldly make it known

 By unbecoming language or attention,
For female hearts have always felt and shown
 Too much reserve, and far too much invention
To court our favor ;—methods of their own,
 Which strike at once the dullest comprehension,
And yet are indefinable, define
To whom or what they most or least incline.

CLIII.

A look, a gesture, or the slightest motion

 Of breath or blood, upon the lip or cheek,
Will give a much more clear and perfect notion
 Of what they feel than any tongue could speak;—
Indeed I know of no sincere emotion
 For which our feeble words are not too weak ;—

The heart's best language flashes from the eye,
And its most audible breathing is a sigh.

CLIV.

It's scarcely necessary I should add
That this electric rhet'ric of the soul
Was known to Linda and St. Charles : they had,
Indeed, improved upon it as a whole ;
For often, when the weather was not bad,
Or a bright moon invited them, they stole
From their companions, and conversed for hours,
And yet were silent as the stars or flowers.

CLV.

But they were doom'd to learn the bitter truth
Of Shakspeare's adage, which assures us that
"The course of true love never did run smooth,"—
And never will, he might have added,—what
With crusty parents, who forget their youth,
Prudes who delight in scandal and a cat,
And jealous rivals, there is quite enough
Ill wind to make its smoothest current rough.

CLVI.

I wish their case had proven an exception
To this sad rule; but then her father frown'd
Upon their love, and gave a cold reception.
To Randolph, while a rustic rival found
Means to avenge himself for his rejection
By whispering slanders of them both around,
Which were, of course, repeated with additions,
And yet were nothing more than mere suspicions.

CLVII.

But envy and detraction only made
Them cling still closer than they clung before,
And those who wish'd to part them thus display'd
The weakness they pretended to deplore;
It's very strange that people first degrade
Those whom they would to virtue's path restore,
When all experience proves that such a course
Excites and only makes them ten times worse.

CLVIII.

And what is more to be regretted still,
The "unco' godly" are so indiscreet

As, by their very homilies, to fill
Our heads with fancies dangerous to our feet ;
For while they tell us we must curb the will,
And fly from pleasures which, if sins, are sweet,
They paint those sins, intending to alarm us,
In such warm colors that they really charm us.

CLIX.

Was love a crime ? Was it a sin to walk
Abroad in Princeton, morning, noon or night,
With one she loved ? Or was it wrong to talk
Of earthly hopes or joys ? Is nothing right
But what must mortify the flesh, and balk
The spirit in its musing or its flight ?—
Were questions Linda asked, but could not gather
The slightest satisfaction from her father.

CLX.

She then appeal'd, with many touching tears,
In hope of consolation, to her mother,
But *she* could only say “she had her fears,
And did not know why a mere child should
bother

Her head or heart about such things,—her years
Were much too green to cherish any other
Than filial love, and there was serious danger
In listening to the nonsense of a stranger.

CLXI.

“ And who was this fine, dashing fellow who
Was call’d, or call’d himself, St. Charles?—a
saint
Indeed!—the college held but few,
And from some rumors, and, in fact, complaint
About his pranks and practices, she knew
He was not one of them, and some restraint
Must now be placed on Linda, just to save her
From suffering for her indiscreet behavior.”

CLXII.

And Linda was for several weeks debar’d
All intercourse with masculine society,
A punishment she deem’d exceeding hard,
For though there possibly was more propriety
In feminine embraces, she preferr’d
In kissing, as in cooking, some variety,—

Her female friends no doubt were very kind,
But could not grant the joys for which she pined.

CLXIII.

She sigh'd throughout the day, and wept all night ;
Her books were left unread, her harp neglected ;
She seldom spoke, and ceased to take delight
Even in the flowers she rear'd, and quite dejected
She lost at last her strength and appetite,
As if the air she breath'd had been infected.—
But I am glad to say her very grief,
Instead of killing, brought its own relief.

CLXIV.

For when her rosy cheeks grew thin and pale,
Her parents were alarmed and half repented
That they had listened to each idle tale,
Which jealousy or gossip had invented ;
And when they saw her health and spirits fail,
Their rigor and severity relented,
And Linda was once more, with joy restored
To life and love and him she most adored.

CLXV.

Though somewhat saddened by their recent losses,
St. Charles and Linda took the shortest way
Of making up their large and heavy losses
In love and happiness,—as gourmands pay—
With interest—in the shape of spice and sauces,
Their stinted stomachs, when some weary day
Of fasting, sickness or remorse has past,
And brings again a bountiful repast.

CLXVI.

And then the little world in which they moved
Resumed its wonted gaiety ;—their friends,—
Even some who had but recently reproved
Their indiscretion,—strove to make amends
For their ill treatment, and perhaps they loved
Them better now, as persecution tends
To elevate its objects, and all factions
Atone for their excesses in reactions !

CLXVII.

How Randolph bore himself in his affliction,
Or how he felt and acted when it ended,

Can only be inferred ; a dim conviction
In one of the Professors who attended
His class, that he had shown a predeliction
For errors which should be at once amended,
Produced some lectures, and the mild appliances
Of extra doses of the moral sciences.

CLXVIII.-

Short commons and restraints have great effect
In curing errors of the youthful blood,
And Randolph soon became so circumspect,
Under the discipline, that no one could
In conversation or in act detect
A fault or flaw,—until again he stood
Fair with the faculty, but if sincere
Or not, I won't assume to settle here.

CLXIX.

It is sufficient I should state the fact,
And leave to time such further explanation
Of the real faith and merit of the act,
As those who follow me in this narration
 8*

May seek or need ; indeed I've little tact
In scanning motives or in divination,
And take events just as I chance to find them,
With little question what may lurk behind them.

CLXX.

Their trials past, our lovers met once more,
And mingled in the pleasures floating round
them ;
With the same joyous spirits as before
Each city ball and rustic pic-nic found them,
And though in public their deportment bore
Few of the signs of that deep love which bound
them,
They did not always lack some fit occasions
Of making more congenial demonstrations.

CLXXI.

When Love and Learning wander hand in hand
They make our path in youth a fair and bright
one,
And though sometimes the way is winding, and
Not what the old and wise would call the right
one,

If made, like those at Princeton, in the sand,
An erring foot-print is at least a light one,
And disappears beneath the passing showers
Of genial skies, and yields to spring's first flowers.

CLXXII.

It is no wonder, then, that Princeton's shades,
Thus mingling with their charms of Attic lore,
The brighter beauties of such witching maids,
Should still to Freshman and to Sophomore
Be dear, or that the dim and deep arcades
Of the old forests that around it soar
Should seem as fair as the Gargettian's grove.
And breathe as pure an air of life and love.

CLXXIII.

Nor is it to be wonder'd at that he,
Our ardent hero, soon so far progress'd
In logic, morals and philosophy,
And all the arts with which our schools are
blessed,
As to attain a very high degree,
And was, moreover, flattered and caress'd

For the extent and soundness of his knowledge,
Gather'd outside, as well as in, the college.

CLXXIV.

His skill in logic very clearly shone
In proving that whatever he most wanted
Was really, truly, and in fact his own,—
For while his burning eloquence enchanted,
And all his soul seem'd into language thrown,
His premises were always promptly granted,
And his conclusions were so very clear
You could not deem them anything but fair.

CLXXV.

For instance,—but I'm only now supposing
A case which probably did not arise,—
But just imagine him for once reposing
On some fair lap—say Linda's—while the skies
Their starry curtains are around him closing,
And the sweet light of loved and loving eyes,
Whose lustre makes the brightest stars seem dim,
Now shine above, and fondly gaze on him.

CLXXVI.

Suppose him asking of those eyes a boon.—
A kiss, a token, pledge or, what you will,—
And lo ! how freely, ardently and soon
The gift repays his eloquence and skill ;—
“ Oh ! light of Love, whose warm and cheering
noon
Is all I ask of life and youth to fill
My days with happiness, say wilt thou crown
My hopes with smiles, or crush them with a
frown ?

CLXXVII.

“ Thy smiles are sunshine, and thy frown the
storm,—
That lights to being, this but leads to death,—
And thou, alone, my soul canst wake and warm
And give my bosom vital hope and breath ;
Say wilt thou weave for me this glowing charm
Of life,— or doom me to despair beneath
Thy cold neglect,—’tis thine to save or slay,
And make my world eternal night or day ?

CLXXVIII.

“If then, thou wouldest not heedlessly destroy
A soul so much, so wholly in thy power,
Lift it at once to life, and hope, and joy,
And heaven shall bless and sanctify the hour ;
While, in the future, shall the archer boy
Bestrew our path with many a cheering flower,
To glad our footsteps with their varied bloom
Or soothe our slumbers with their sweet perfume.”

CLXXIX.

With syllogistic argument relieving
His burning lips, he thus closed his appeal,—
“Young hearts, (his major,) were not made for
grieving,
And ours, (his minor,) are still fresh, and feel
This happy truth, and (therefore) thus believing
‘Tis vain the dear conclusion to conceal,—
If not for grief, we must be born to prove
The joys that spring from mutual faith and love !”

CLXXX.

Of course the proof was satisfactory,
And she at once admitted the conclusion ;

What else could any maid do but agree
With love and logic pour'd in such profusion
Into a willing ear? or how could she
Suppose his passion was a mere illusion,
When all he uttered seem'd so very real,—
And surely what true lovers say, they feel!

CLXXXI.

Ah me! how many a simple-minded maid,
With just this sort of unsuspecting reason
To the undoing of her hopes betrayed
Drinks with delight love's sophistry and treason,
When, if her lover's words were justly weighed,
Her prudent counsels would not fail to seize on
Their true import, and save from spoil or harm
Each treasured hope and every blooming charm!

CLXXXII.

“Oh ye of little faith!” beware the fire
Prepared for doubters in the world to come;
Yours is a cheerless path through mud and mire,—
A life of chilling frosts and sunless gloom,—

But, ye too credulous creatures of desire,

Beware an equal, though an earthly doom !

'Tis yours to waste your days in burning dreams,
Nor taste of joy, except in fitful gleams !

CLXXXIII.

And, oh ! ye unsophisticated misses,

Who, whether jilt or jilted, still believe
The glowing promises of endless blisses

Which sighing lovers ever breathe, I grieve
To think how often you will find their kisses,

Like those of Judas, given to deceive,
And that their oaths, sighs, promises and pledges
Are only misery's gilded entering wedges.

CLXXXIV.

Than some, I grant, no saint could be more pure,

But like angelic visits, these are few,
And, what is more deplorable, still fewer

Who, true at first, continue to be true ;
Time, change of climate, fortune, all obscure
Their graven vows, and mar the tablets, too ;
The very best of them need constant watching,—
The worst are worse than any eels for catching.

CLXXXV.

In truth, a lover's heart is like the moon,—
Above the earth, and yet no part of heaven ;
Amid the clouds and vapors that festoon
Their airy orbits, they are whirl'd and driven,
Between conflicting forces that too soon
In darkness wrap the beams to either given ;—
While each is glorious only in the night,
And shine at best but in reflected light.

CLXXXVI.

But I am wandering from my story's theme
And must return again. I left my lovers
Just as each waking from a pleasant dream,
New charms in t'other all at once discovers :
But lest their conduct in the least should seem
Suspicious, I'll dispel the doubt that hovers
Around them, if indeed a doubt can find
A place in any candid reader's mind.

CLXXXVII.

We left them, I repeat in that sweet mood
When, pleased themselves, and happy in each other,

They felt a new-born spirit warm their blood,
They could not analyse and would not smother,
And Linda being as confident as good,
Pour'd out her heart in words as to a brother,
Not dreaming there was any harm in telling
The thoughts that from her guileless heart were
swelling.

CLXXXVIII.

Indeed she almost deem'd herself alone
In some sweet bower or mansion of the blest,
Where she might hold communion with her own
Unsullied soul, without one envious guest
To darken or destroy the light that shone,
In golden dreams, through her delighted breast,
And what she said or murmur'd, I am clear,
Was not intended for another's ear.

CLXXXIX.

But still her gentle murmurings were heard
By one whose every rapt and eager sense
Drank in each sigh, and thrill'd with every word
She breathed or whispered ; and the eloquence

Of her bright cheek and eye within him stirr'd

The very fountains of those passions, whence
Love springs to being, and to lead or blind,
Warms, dazzles, blesses or betrays mankind.

CXC.

What 'twas she said or sigh'd, I won't pretend,

With any kind of certainty, to mention,
Nor what he did, to name ; I apprehend

Both may be guess'd, with very slight invention,
But lest I should be called on to defend

This observation from misapprehension,
I here protest, with most emphatic stress
Against th' injustice of a wicked guess.

CXCI.

Perhaps one long and burning kiss was given ;

Perhaps,—but I'm not certain,—they embraced ;
Perhaps their thoughts were more of earth than
heaven,—

That's probable,---and that their hopes were
placed,

Less in those crowns for which the saints have
striven,

Than in those promises, so clearly traced
On their young hearts by rosy Love's bright finger,
And in whose faith they would forever linger.

CXCII.

And if when this, their first love's earliest dream,

Had passed its radiant but too fleeting noon,
They, trembling, sank beneath its melting beam,

And in a soft and soothing languor soon
Forgot the world,—let not the envious deem

Them guilty thus to share so sweet a boon ;—
For one may take a very harmless nap
Pilloed upon a pure and gentle lap.

CXCIII.

How long their calm and innocent repose

Might, if not suddenly disturbed, have lasted,
I know not, but I grieve to say they rose,

Startled, to see their brightest visions blasted ;
Closed round by several unrelenting foes
To joys they were suspected to have tasted,

They woke amid a torch-glare to discover
An angry father and a jealous lover ;—

CXCIV.

And with them a demure and sly professor
Of ethics, who, invet'rately pragmatic,
Delighted to expose each young transgressor,
And punish the mischievous and erratic ;
Besides some six or seven spies of lesser
Importance, who, as piously emphatic
In dealing out anathemas to sinners,—
Loved scandal better than they did their dinners.

CXCV.

Of course they made a scene ;—of course the sire
Swore, as he raved, enough to shock a saint ;
While Linda, trembling at the old man's ire,
Scarcely knew whether she should fly or faint ;
St. Charles waxed warm, but smother'd up his fire
Until his sneaking rival, whose complaint
Brought this pursuit, was near enough to feel
The iron vengeance of his hand and heel.

CXCVI.

Then dealing one resistless, hearty blow
He felled the meddling miscreant to the ground,
And though there was no very copious flow
Of blood from such an unexpected wound,
There was enough to let the others know
They ran some risk in hemming thus around
A strong and fearless youth, who stood beside
One for whose sake he would have freely died.

CXCVII.

They, therefore, prudently resolved to treat,
And try the influence of expostulation,
But lifting Linda gently from his feet,
Where she had crept and crouch'd in trepidation
Randolph exclaimed "I am prepared to meet
And answer any, every accusation
Your malice may suggest, but this is not,
For such a scene, the most appropriate spot.

CXCVIII.

"Your daughter, sir, I will at once return
To your parental arms, although I'd rather

Retain her still in mine; I blush and burn
With shame, to see her indiscreet old father
Expose so sweet a creature to the scorn
Of the vile gossips that around him gather,
To witness the reproach he casts upon her,
In thus insisting on his own dishonor.

CXCIX.

“ Go, take her, she is yours,—she might be mine
If you were wise or she were free,”—“ No never!”
Replied the sire, “ shall such a flow’ret twine
Its blossoms round thy trunk again, or ever
Within the shadows of a libertine
Wither and fade away, and thus I sever
The tie that bound her to thee, and may heaven
Cast thee, as I do from me, unforgiven.”

CC.

Upon the word, the angry father rushed
To where his trembling child bewildered stood,
With senses stun’d and spirits almost crushed,
And bore her off; the gossips all cried “ good,”—

But in a moment every tongue was hush'd,
As, turning, they beheld the mounting blood
Of Randolph tinge his cheek,—to phrenzy stir'd
By the deep malice of that dubious word.

CCI.

Poor Linda shrieked and struggled, but in vain;
The hands that held her in their friendly clasp,
And bound her in their amiable chain
Would not forego the kindness of their grasp;—
Their love was manifested by its pain,
Like that of hapless Cleopatra's asp,
Which in the most accommodating way,
Kept every foe, except itself, at bay.

CCII.

As you may guess, the whole affair soon went,
From mouth to mouth, the neighborhood around,
While every gossip, once upon the scent
For scandal, took the cry up like a hound,
And when at fault, turned only to invent
Additions to the tale, 'till Randolph found
Himself the hero of at least a score
Of scrapes he had not dream'd about before.

CCIII.

The sequel was to him a final leave
Of absence from the college, though but then
Scarce three years there :—for this he did not grieve,
But never to behold her face again
Caused him a pang, which nothing could relieve,
Save time, the comforter, who soothes us, when
No other friend or counsel can impart
Hope, joy or peace to an o'erburthen'd heart.

CCIV.

Poor Linda, still in tears, with all dispatch,
Was sent away to a remote relation,—
A maiden aunt,—whose hospitable thatch
Secured a shelter from renew'd temptation ;
And where her prudent friends arranged a match,
Whose sudden close and speedy consummation
So dazzled and o'erjoyed her rustic lover,
He never dream'd that he was but a cover.

CCV.

Randolph returned to his parental roof
In the rich teeming valley of fair York,

And for a season kept himself aloof,
From company, that solitude might work
A cure for disappointments, which are proof
Against the balm of counsel, and still lurk
Beneath the smiles which pride or duty wears,
To blind the world, or ward its friendly cares.

CCVI.

But he was not of that unhappy frame
Of mind or temper that could long despond ;
And soon their wonted warmth and spirit came
Back to his eye and cheek again, beyond
The power of melancholy to reclaim ;
In short, he felt the force of nature's bond,
And so, with all his strength of soul and heart,
Resolved once more to play his proper part,

CCVII.

In life's great drama, and if he could not
Forget the pain of its first stirring scene,
He was determin'd not to mar the plot
Which, or by providence or fate, had been

Plan'd for his destiny, career or lot:

As doctors doubt the uses of the spleen,
He more than doubted that to be splenetic
Was either very pleasant or pathetic.

CCVIII.

He therefore gave himself once more to those
Congenial and approved pursuits that fling
Flowers on the tide in which existence flows
From the bright sunny fountains of its spring,
And which not only dissipate our woes,
But very often in their progress bring
Such sweet suggestions of a present bliss
That former joys seem dull compar'd with this.

CCIX.

And one such happy inspiration came
In Ada's form to fix his wandering gaze,—
To wake with new-born life, the smouldering flame
Of love within him, 'till its kindling blaze
Should warm him to a sense of the true aim
Of his proud being, or, with colder rays,

Dazzle awhile his quick and eager sight,
And leave him to a darker, deeper night.

CCX.

Ada was young and beautiful ; her eyes
Were large and pensive, and as bright a blue
As ever lighted up Italian skies :
Her wavy hair was of the raven's hue,
Her lip, the corals ; while the rosy dyes
Of health, in all its freshness, sparkled through
Her cheek, and gave to quite a charming face
A constant, though an ever varying grace.

CCXI.

Her form was light and airy, and she seem'd
A being born to love and be beloved ;—
Just such a one of whom we all have dream'd
In boyhood, ere our sad experience proved
That the fair creatures whom we angels deem'd
Were merely human !—and it well behoved
Our hero, when he met her, to beware
The risk of gazing upon one so fair.

CCXII.

And Randolph felt the force of such attractions :
At first but as a mere spectator might,
For he still thought of Linda, and his actions
In Ada's presence merely seemed polite;
But, though he struggled against such reactions
He could not school himself to master quite
A love for Ada, which indeed grew stronger
With every check, 'till 'twould be check'd no
longer.

CCXIII.

Indeed he soon began to doubt the truth
Of all his dreams of Linda, and debated
Whether she had a being, or, in sooth,
Was not some vision fancy had created
To wile away the idle hours of youth :
Of this he was quite sure, that love was dated
In him with Ada's happy advent, and
All former passions seem'd but "stairs of sand."

CCXIV.

But I will neither hint nor indicate
The fortune fate had yet for him in store,

It spoils a story to anticipate
 Its moral or catastrophe, before
The proper time ; and so I neither state
 What may or may not happen, and I more
Than doubt if he had perfectly recover'd
From his first love,—but that must be discover'd.

CCXV.

First love, they say, is ever pure and strong,
 And with undying constancy survives
Youth, beauty, fame and fortune, but among
 The multitude of husbands and of wives,
Lovers and maids, old, middle aged or young,
 Thrice jilted or twice married, no one gives
The slightest clue to tell us why or whence is
This mystic passion, or when it commences.

CCXVI.

If you appeal to those who have been married,
 And, now divorced or widow'd, feel anew
The happy inspiration which they carried
 To hymen's altar when their years were few,

They'll tell you youthful indiscretion hurried
Their early choice, and that they never knew
What true love was, 'till, by experience wise,
They found it more in purses than in eyes.

CCXVII.

Old maids protest,—and I will not dispute
Their allegations,—that their hearts can never
Throb twice to love's sweet touch, but, like a lute,
Once rudely broken, is unstrung forever;
And yet I know not one who'd scorn the suit
Of an old bachelor, if rich and clever;—
Not that they sigh for love's long lost delights,
But,—just to cheer their lonely winter nights.

CCXVIII.

I don't mean to reflect upon the sex,
In thus appending to their faith a practice
Common to all, for bachelors perplex
The question mooted quite as much, the fact is
The subject is so subtle and complex
That the most patient searcher would distract his
Brains to no purpose, to attempt to prove
How often, when, or why we mortals love.

CCIX.

The truth is,—just as every one may find it
In his or her own case,—the heart is not
Obedient to the will, nor can we bind it
To any fixed philosophy or spot ;
Pursuing meteors which mislead and blind it,
It wanders often without aim or plot,
And in the lab'rinth which its hopes derange,
Is only constant to a constant change.

CCXX.

But I have really nothing more to do
With human hearts in general, than t'explain
The course my hero may henceforth pursue
In that almost inexplicable chain
Of circumstances, which we all pass through
Before the grave or goal of life we gain ;
And so, lest my philosophy should bore ye
I'll let my hero finish out the story.

CCXXI.

Yet I must first in justice here premise
That Ada was not only fair and pretty,

But to the charms of form, and grace, and eyes,
 Added the mental worth of being witty ;
Born beneath Maryland's warm, sunny skies,
 And nurtured in the Monumental City,
She joined the powers of nature and of art
To grace her manners and expand her heart.

CCXXII.

How, when or where they met, I need not state ;
 For when such meetings end in love, the place,
The manner, circumstances and the date
 Are unimportant, so I will not trace
The progress of their wooing, nor narrate
 How every day developed some new grace
In each, until inseparable grown,
Their very beings melted into one.

CCXXIII.

And wandering over hills, by purling streams,
 Or musing in the light of some bright star,
They lived but in the sweet and golden dreams
 Of love and hope, until, as if to mar
 10*

And rob their future of its sunny beams,
Came the dark clouds and the wild notes of war,
And Randolph, waking to ambition, found
New inspiration in that thrilling sound.

CCXXIV.

He grew, I say, ambitious, and he sought
With all the ardor natural to his age,
That crown of glory which, by valor bought,
Outshines the colder honors of the sage,
And battle's heavy breath to him came fraught
With Fame's rich perfume only, and to wage
War in his country's high and holy cause
Seem'd full of promise of a world's applause.

CCXXV.

In this he felt and acted like most men
Just entering on life's rough and thorny way,
When every motive tends to good, and when
Our fellows seem the characters they play :
“Our Country” and “the world,” are words which
then
Inspire our hearts with more than magic sway ;

And if to strike for *that*, may win renown
From *this*, what care we who may sneer or frown ?

CCXXVI.

It is, I know, a glorious task to plead
The cause of helpless innocence, when wrong
And power assail it ; and when, in their need,
 The weak appeal for succor 'gainst the strong,
To save is noble,—but the warrior's meed,—
 The dazzling triumph, and the grateful song,—
That crowns and sanctifies victorious arms,
Will ever wear, to youth, more winning charms.

CCXXVII.

And even older heads are apt to turn
Their thoughts from civic labors to the martial,
When, rendered wise by long neglect, they learn
 That man in nothing else is so impartial
As when repaying with contempt and scorn
 His benefactors, and resolve that war shall
Square *their* accounts of unrequited good,
And wash *his* sins and vices out in blood.

CCXXVIII.

It is a pity that ingratitude
Should turn the current of our best intentions
Back on our hearts, to mar the little good
That lurks within them, and that all pretensions
To multiply earth's stores of wealth and food,
By art's most civil and sublime inventions,
Should be regarded with less favor than
The schemes that crush,—the skill that slaughters
man.

CCXXIX.

Yet such has been earth's policy and practice ;
So Coriolanus, driven from his home
By a base mob, was forced to re-enact his
Unequal'd prowess 'gainst that very Rome
His sword had saved and glorified ; the fact is
So little glory from our virtues come,
That rising heroes have become quite callous
Whether they mount a pulpit, throne or gallows.

CCXXX.

I will not urge the justice or the moral
Of the effect or cause,—both may be right ;

At least the world so acts, and I'll not quarrel
With its proceedings, though, perhaps, I might ;
For if man's woes, wants, crimes and sufferings are
all

Mere accidents in Time's remorseless flight,—
As it would seem,—he who would stay their course
Is but a dreamer, if not something worse.

CCXXXI.

I know that he who would remove a cancer,

Reform an age, or cure a tooth-ache, must
Conceal the instrument, or he may answer

With his own head for being kind or just,
And he who would a principle advance, or

Do ought to lift mankind up from the dust,
Or give advice which creed or party shocks,
Will find his kindness well repaid in knocks.

CCXXXII.

I've tried it, and I know the bitter fact ;

I know, too, that the fear of doing evil
Is more applauded than a virtuous act,
Done with the sole desire of being civil.

And he who, with a non-committal tact,
Seems most a saint when most he plays the devil
Will win the highest honors and rewards
Which man so willingly accords.

CCXXXIII.

But war-won glories are substantial things,
Such as may occupy a manly soul;
They form and feed the highest hopes of kings,
Illumine art, spread commerce, and control
Man's highest destinies, while history brings
The brightest offerings of her glowing scroll
To those who mount, amid a peal of groans,
From fields of blood, to pow'r and fame and thrones.

CCXXXIV.

What matters it that fabled Justice poises
An even scale, and wears a threatening sword?
Hood-wink'd, she in her ears alone rejoices,
And must, of course, take men upon their word,
And those who have the most persuasive voices,
Though black as sin, may win her to accord
Renown, wealth, power, preferment, place and fame,
While modest merit, silent, droops in shame.

CCXXXV.

And so ambition, even though honest, turns
From the obscure and weed-grown paths of peace,
Where Virtue's taper lights so dimly burn
They seem but set to show its darknesses,
And in the light of worldly wisdom learns
To look for good alone in victories,
Wrung by a strong and daring hand from those
Whom passion, law or faith proclaims its foes.

CCXXXVI.

The patient vigils which invention keeps,
That she may to a thankless world unfold
The treasures that lie hid in ocean's deeps,
Or earth's rich mines of bright and tempting gold,
Bring no reward ; for what cares he that sleeps
In idle ease for those who tempt the cold,
The pain and weariness of all such toil ?
Their lot is but to labor,—his, the spoil !

CCXXXVII.

Success alone is virtue, and the man
Who can achieve it, at whatever cost,

Shall rank among the greatest ;—if he can
But win the general voice, although he boast
Nor skill nor merit human praise shall fan
His aspirations to the uttermost
Of their upreaching, as the Gallic herd
Now laud their great Napoleon the Third !

CCXXXVIII.

His case is quite in point, for we remember
His pitiless imprisonment at Ham, (¹⁸)
Where, o'er his royal hopes' last dying ember,
He heard his princely name pronounced a sham ;
But, lo ! how one short night in dark December,
A *coup d'etat*, a bold, successful flam,
Has changed his fortunes ; and behold the men
Now sing his praise who ridiculed him then.

CCXXXIX.

Who frowns then, if my hero grasps the brand
His sturdy father wore and wielded well
At Saratoga, when the groaning land
Ran crimson with the blood of foes that fell

Upon that field, as to the reaper's hand
Falls the ripe grain ? shall Mexico not tell
As proud a tale of deeds of valor done
By that bright falchion wielded by the son ?

CCXL.

Let them frown on, he only heeds the call
Of duty in the stirring cry "to arms!"
And yet his heart confessed a gentler thrall
And own'd an equal spell in Ada's charms !
And thus, as fortune ever deals with all
Whose genial souls each kindlier impulse warms,
He stood perplexed between that sense of duty,
And this sweet influence of persuasive beauty.

CCXLI.

Which shall he follow?—rugged man will say
" Let weeping beauty spread her wiles in vain,
And never with a kiss or smile betray
The patriot to the lover's golden chain!"
While woman, living in the bright to-day,
Would win him wholly to her bless'd domain,
Where only Love, amid a world of flowers,
Rules the rapt heart and leads the laughing hours.

CCXLII.

Alas ! that love and duty should so often
Lead our unsteady steps in differing ways !
Sure love was given to mitigate and soften
The sterner calls of duty, and displays
Its power for good, when, lifting us aloft on
Hopes that have wings, we jump the weary maze
Of plodding toil; and proves a snare indeed,
When it would charm us only to mislead.

CCXLIII.

But sometimes its perverseness is but seeming,
Because we will not listen to its voice;
Certes, a god whose impulses are teeming
With all we count most gen'rous, can't rejoice
In urging us astray ; we err in deeming
That love impels us ever to the choice
Of what our duty would reject ; he may
Sometimes bewilder, but will not betray.

CCXLIV.

And thus our hero proved, as now he turn'd
From Ada's arms to dare the lists of fame;

For though his high and noble spirit burn'd
With manly ardor, when the summons came
That call'd him to the battle-field, he learn'd
That love and duty are in truth the same ;
And that the grief a hero might discover
To leave his mistress, only proved the lover.

CCXLV.

Their parting was like other partings are,
When kindred hearts are sever'd for awhile,
Full of forebodings, doubts and fears that mar
And crush the hopes we cherish'd to beguile
Our happier moments, when love's polar star
Shone out undimm'd, and nature wore a smile
Where'er we gazed, while, brighter than her skies
Beam'd on and through us loved and loving eyes.

CCXLVI.

And yet they did not rave in tender madness,
Nor "make a scene," like widows when they mean
To show, by public and unseemly sadness
Over their dear dead lords, that they have been

Most cruelly bereaved,—and having had less
 Of joys connubial than they should have seen,
Prove by their grief that such bereavement merits
 A kindly hand to “bind their broken spirits.”

CCXLVII.

Nor had they learned to look for consolation
 In other smiles, for those now turned to tears,
To seek in heartless amours and flirtation
 That wretched substitute for love, which wears
The heart away to dust and desolation,
 And mocks us most even when it most appears
To soothe or charm ; for these are tricks of time
 With which old sinners compromise with crime.

CCXLVIII.

But he was young and brave, she pure and fair,
 And both were happy in the golden dreams
That love and hope with youth and beauty share ;
 No cloud had yet obscured the cheering beams
That lighted up their future, 'till dispair
 Came now at parting, which to either seems
The grave of every joy—the present, past—
 And if their first, oh ! will it be their last ?

CCXLIX.

I grieve to think such hearts should ever know
Aught of the changes time delights to bring ;
The doubts, the jealousies which weed-like grow
In the damp shadows of his ruthless wing,
Which in their poisonous exhalations throw
A blight on all the flowers of life's glad spring ;—
Oh ! that a draught from youth's perennial stream
Might render real and lasting "love's young dream."

CCL.

I do not mean to throw suspicion on
Their present vows of future constancy,
For, though I dread the perils they must run,
I will not question their fidelity ;
And yet, I must confess, if they could shun
The accidents of absence, I should be
More confident,—but why anticipate
What may or may not be their faith or fate ?

CCLI.

I will not say he was a paragon
Of excellence in all things, or pretend

That she of frailties or of faults had none,
For there are few in whom the virtues blend
Without alloy of vice;—from sire to son
We all are born to err, and, in the end,
The human race, with all its good and evil,
Will vary little from a general level.

CCLII.

I will not paint the woe with which they parted,
I will not echo here their bitter sighs,—
It is enough that she seemed broken hearted,—
Of course,—and he could scarce command his
eyes,
To which a manly tear of sorrow started,
And told the feelings he would fain disguise;—
I leave these tender touches of emotion
To every reader's sympathetic notion.

CCLIII.

But while I thus their private grief suppress,
I can't forego the pleasure of imparting
The nobler sentiments of their distress,
Because, although with unfeign'd anguish smart-
ing,

They show'd more wisdom if their tears were less,
Than many lovers do at such a parting,
And their example to the world commends
Itself,—I, therefore, give it to my friends.

CCLIV.

“I go, dear Ada,”—thus our hero said,
As struggling to repress his sadness, he
Embraced and soothed the still disponding maid,—
“To meet my country’s enemies, and be
One of that band that never yet betray’d
Her soil or people, but whose chivalry
Has been the bulwark of her hope and power
In fortune’s direst day and darkest hour.

CCLV.

“I go, with willing heart and ready hand,
To battle in that country’s hallow’d cause,
Not as a mercenary, whose vile brand
A hireling’s mean ambition only draws,
But as a soldier, faithful to the land
That gives him liberty and equal laws,

And though our parting grieves her, still I feel
My Ada will not chide her patriot's zeal.

CCLVI.

“ And when her Randolph shall triumphant come
Back to her arms, his glad and proud return
Will dissipate the grief, and break the gloom
That now oppress her, and she then will learn
How brightly all our earthly joys can bloom
When water'd by our tears,—how hope may burn
When fan'd by sighs, and how the heart forgets,
In new found bliss, its former fond regrets.

CCLVII.

“ Then shall our hands as now our hearts are, be
Forever joined, and all our future prove
One smooth, clear current of felicity,
Whose surface, flashing in the light of love,
Shall ever mirror cloudless skies, and we
The lightest things that on its bosom move,
Remembering not, in joys that then shall bless,
The grief that mars our present happiness.

CCLVIII.

“The sadness that impends shall pass away—
The love we own forever shall endure,—
That comes and goes with every fleeting day,—
This burns eternal, ever bright and pure,—
Not as a meteor, whose flick’ring ray
Night’s chilling vapors quench, and mists obscure,
But as a gen’rous, self-illumin’d sun,
That warms and gladdens all it shines upon.

CCLIX.

“Then lift thy bright blue eye with hope once more
Above the sorrows of the passing hour,
Up to that heaven which shines so sweetly o’er
Thy drooping head!—like the reviving flow’r,
Whose gentle crest is bow’d in grief before
The boding storm, but rises from the show’r
More bright and beautiful, thy heart shall borrow
New light and life from war’s victorious morrow.”

CCLX.

“ But, oh !”—the weeping maiden thus replied,—
“ If that glad morrow should not o’er us shed

Its look'd for light?—if battle's crimson tide
Should roll above my noble Randolph's head,
What then shall cheer or soothe his plighted bride?
Fame cannot teach us to forget the dead,
And widow'd hearts can only find relief
In death or madness from an unfeign'd grief.

CCLXI.

“ And yet I cannot, will not, bid thee stay,
Or weaken with my girlish fears thy hand,
But cry ‘ God speed thee’ in the noble way
Thy honor points at duty’s stern command,
And if in fear I weep, in hope I’ll pray,
That heaven may shield thee from the foeman’s
brand,
And, with a speedy, lasting peace, restore
My laurel’d hero to my arms once more !”

CCLXII.

They kiss’d and parted, and I’ll not prolong
The story of their present sorrows, but
Hasten to other subjects of my song,
And, with a warlike resolution, put

My squadrons in the field, because, ere long,—

As now our temple's peaceful door is shut,
And that of war thrown open,—we must beat
The enemy, or sound a safe retreat !

CCLXIII.

The latter would be difficult to do,

For many reasons, but, in chief, because
The simple, single-minded fellows, who

Prepared the regulations and the laws
Which rule our armies and inspire them, too,
Omitted to prescribe, for some good cause,—
(Their system 's in all other points complete,)
The slightest hint or form of a retreat !

CCLXIV.

Such an omission might the laws derange

Of other lands, addicted to the sword ;
But our law-makers give us quite a strange
Interpretation to the very word,
For in their whole vocabulary's range

The verb “retreat” is never seen or heard,—
They use the term but as a noun, to express
The last parade at evening, call'd “the dress.”

CCLXV.

But I must pause awhile, although my lay,
It must be own'd, is scarcely yet begun ;
In truth, I did not measure well the way
O'er which my Pegasus and I should run,
In this our opening Canto's cantering day,
And now, admonish'd by the setting sun,
We'll close our journey with the fading light,
And, for a season, " bid the world good night."

CCLXVI.

To-morrow, if it please you to awake
The steed and rider, gentle public, we
Will cheerfully and with new vigor take
The road again ; but if it should not be
Your will to hear us further, do not break
Our slumbers, as we will not care to see
The sun rise if the morning is not fair,
But leave us, if you frown, to our despair.

CCLXVII.

My Pegasus will grieve, no doubt, to think
His airy curvettings and labors vain,

While I shall much regret the waste of ink,
And what is sadder still, the waste of brain ;
Yet, I presume, he'll not refuse his drink,
And food ambrosial, and, though it may pain
My pride to know my toil was misdirected,
Even if you scowl, I shall not die dejected.

CCLXVIII.

To tell the truth, I have a taste for living,
And estimate applause at its true worth ;
A sort of free-and-easy temper giving
A charm even to the vanities of earth—
Except its glory, which with all our striving
Scarce lasts beyond the hour that brings it forth—
When most we merit it, the fates still doom us
To that most barren of all fame—posthumous.

CCLXIX.

What I have written, or may yet indite,
Was, is, and will be, simply to amuse
My leisure moments, and, perhaps, to right
Some wrongs I wot of, though I won't abuse,
Misrepresent, nor vent my pers'nal spite
On any creature that walks forth in shoes,

Excepting bards and politicians, who
Have earn'd my wrath, and may expect it, too.

CLXX.

For they are ever in a state of war,
Lampooning and assailing one another ;
The best of them wears many a moral scar
Inflicted, Cain-like, by some envious brother ;—
With rival schemes in one perpetual jar,
And jealousies they neither hide nor smother,
They prove, by turns, in their wild chase of fame,
Base hounds, bad hunters, and, but sorry game.

CCLXXI.

The sable-coated gentlemen professional
Are mischievous enough, but they are worse,
For though by forum, clinic and confessional
These worry us in stomach, faith and purse,
They neither shock, like orators congressional,
Nor plague us, like the modern imps of verse,
Who, while they rob, afflict and vex the nation,
Insist upon its grateful admiration.

CCLXXII.

I have no patience with such graceless creatures,
And mean to scourge them well on all occasions,
For 'twere in vain to mollify their natures
By moral arguments, or mild persuasions,
And the sole saving point in all their features
Is that they waste themselves by their abrasions,
As pebbles, chaffing in an angry flood,
Cut up each other for the general good.

CCLXXIII.

My book and motives are, dear public, now
Before you, for your censure or your praise ;
If, by your verdict, on my humble brow
Shall fall the poet's green and glorious bays,
My song again in tuneful notes shall flow ;
If not, I'll hoard it up 'till better days
And fairer critics shall the strain invite,—
'Till then, once more, with all my heart, "good
night."

NOTES TO GUADALOUPE.

C A N T O I.

CANTO FIRST.

NOTE 1.—STANZA III.

“But while a world of headless hands are writing.”

Lord Byron, in resolving the riddle of the authorship of the “Letters of Junius,” asserts, as his own hypothesis, that they were really written by “nobody at all,” and adds,

“I don’t see wherefore letters should not be
Written without hands, since we daily view
Them written without heads ; and books, we see,
Are fill’d as well without the latter, too.”

Vision of Judgment.

NOTE 2.—STANZA V.

“The drama is my forte, but gods and men,
Since Boker’s advent, have, in horror, damn’d
Each luckless wight that wields a tragic pen ;”

After the laudations, loud and wide, which have been heaped upon the plays of Mr. Boker, by newspapers and magazines, in and out of Philadelphia, I will not presume to set up my private opinion against their public, and, no doubt, disinterested judgments. I will not deny that he has ability

for dramatic compensation. But I would suggest whether any young gentleman of a "poetic temperament" would not, in these latter days, be better employed in some other branch of the business. Until Shakspeare shall be forgotten, they have a small chance of being remembered.

Sartain's Magazine for June, 1851, contains a flattering essay on Mr. Boker's plays, by Charles G. Leland, in which the writer, speaking of the "Betrothal," uses the following singular language: "With the *single exception* of Costanza, who is a high, pure, perfect type of maidenhood, worthy of a place beside *the most exquisite conceptions of Shakspeare*, there is *no character* in the entire play very remarkable for either *originality or elevation*."

This is certainly one of the most extraordinary combinations of "faint praise," and ultra puffing ever compressed in the same compass.

Mr. Boker has written much miscellaneous matter, in addition to his plays, the last, if not the best, of which is an "Ode to England," published in the "Philadelphia Evening Bulletin," of March 27, 1855. It was praised by the publisher of that journal, and is certainly entitled to be ranked among the remarkable productions of this remarkable literary era. I give the opening and closing lines, as samples of its coherency, logic, elegance of diction, and fitness of allegory!

"Oh ! days of shame ! Oh, days of woe !
 Of helpless shame, of helpless woe !
The times reveal thy nakedness,
Thy utter weakness, deep distress.
There is no help in all the land :
 Thy eyes may wander to and fro,
Yet find no succor."

After sufficiently deplored this truly deplorable and helpless condition of England, Mr. Boker very oddly tells the old lady to seek the succor which she can't find, in this wise :

“Rear up the strong, the feeble lop;”
* * * * * *

“I swear the soul still lives in thee!—
Down to the lowest atoms drop,
Down to the very dregs, and stir
The People to the top!”

NOTE 3.—CANTO VI.

“And if that was, of such a mass, the best,
God help the men who had to read the rest.”

Among the means and appliances adopted by Barnum, some years ago, to resuscitate the Crystal Palace, of New York,—that wretched imitation of the World's Fair at London,—was an offer of \$150 for the best ode, and lesser sums for inferior lyrics,—to be sung or chaunted at the galvanic revival. It was supposed that these tempting offers would stimulate the poetic industry of the nation, and produce something really remarkable in the way of lyrical composition. In quantity, the committee were gratified to a charm. They were completely flooded with the tide of song poured in upon them. How they were suited in the quality of the article, may be inferred from a perusal of the ode which won for its author the aforesaid \$150, and immortal renown. Here it is in full.

PRIZE ODE.

*To be sung at the Re-inauguration of the Crystal Palace,
New York, May 4, 1854.*

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Lo ! the transitory darkness
From our Palace floats away,
Lo ! the glorious *gems of Genius*
Glitter in the rising day.

See again the mighty Nations
Meet and clasp each other's palms,
And by Labor's glowing altar
Lift on high *according psalms.*

Here behold the true Evangel !
Not from war may earth increase ;
God has stamped his *shining patent*
Only on the brow of Peace.

Only by the arm of Labor,
Swinging to Invention's chime,
Can the Nations build their Eden,
In the wilderness of Time.

Nations hear that mighty music,
Rolling through the mountain bars—
Planting deserts, bridging oceans,
MARRYING THE CHORAL STARS.

Telling that our Crystal Palace,
Glorifies the joyous sod—
Making Man, with Art and Nature,
Worthy of the *Builder*—God !

Nations then rejoice that darkness,
From our Palace floats away,
And the glowing gems of genius,
Glitter in the light of day.

This poem, so full of the most sublime imagery, was so much superior to all the others offered, that the judges declined awarding the second prize to any body. They did right. Such an effort should forever stand alone. It is a pity that its “gems of genius,”—“shining patents,”—and “chimes of invention” could not save the Palace. The “transitory darkness,” unhappily, settled into a permanent gloom, and Barnum retired, under cover of its shadows.

P. S.—I was not aware that God was the “builder” of the Palace, until informed of that fact by Mr. Wallace, in the sixth verse of his Ode, and I am rather at a loss to imagine, as he has not explained, how the Dutch, Irish, Chinese and English, can be made to sing “according psalms!”

NOTE 4.—STANZA VII.

“Hirst,—vide Behemoth,—has proved the folly
Of writing what cannot be understood,—
See also his Pantheon.”

I regret that I am not able to quote from Hirst’s very astonishing poem on the great mystic beast of the prairie. I

have, luckily, some of his “Pantheon,” over the signature of Endymion, at hand, from which I extract the following drop-sical description of Neptune.

“Lord of the boundless waves, *seapotent dread!*
 From pole to pole, through every varying zone,
 Thy mighty liquid empire is outspread
 Immeasurable, matchless and *alone*:
 The sea obeys thee, and, at thy command,
 Is calm or troublous; *and* the trembling *land*,
 Smit by the mace of thy *dread* sovereignty,
 Earth-shaking Neptune, owns its *fealty to thee.*”

Neptune ought to be obliged to Mr. Hirst, for giving him the sovereignty of the land, as well as of the sea. But Mr. Hirst has a passion for the *outre* and the *dreadful*. With him every thing is a dread, except some pleasant beverages for which he has lately shown too great a fondness. In his “Jupiter Brontetes,” he speaks of the Titans thus ;—

“With *dread* consent the disembattled bands,” &c.

And again, in alluding to Jupiter waxing wrothy, he says,—

“Then waking all his wrath, th’ olympian sire
 Shook his *dread* hair,” &c., &c.

But this is really too dreadful a subject to dwell upon.

NOTE 5.—STANZA IX.

“Greek Girls are not my weakness, and I leave
 To Simmons all such wandering, wanton things.”

The “Greek Girl,” a tale in two cantos, by James Wright

Simmons, published by Monroe & Co., Boston, 1852, as an evidence of poetic skill, is creditable to the author. Many of its passages bespeak genius of the highest order, but the sentiment is morbid, and the moral more than questionable. He seems to have picked up his heroine only for the purpose of casting her loose again upon society, fully bent upon and armed for mischief. As a picture of life, as it is, a poet may be excused for painting bad characters and actions, but he should never descend from the true dignity of his art, seriously to commend them for imitation or praise.

NOTE 6.—STANZA X.

“And ‘Sylvan Scenes’ have been so ably drawn,
By Spear’s too idle pen,” &c.

I consider Thomas G. Spear, of Philadelphia, one of the best poets of the age. I say best, because he unites in his writings an excellent taste in the choice of subjects, a smooth and flowing style in their embodiment, and an unexceptionable diction and morality in his language and illustrations. I regret that he has not published more than he has yet brought to the public eye, and I trust that his adventures in California have given him golden subjects and opportunities for future excursions in his own delightful and peculiar realm of poesy.

NOTE 7.—STANZA XVII.

“The very flowers, whose gorgeous colors seem
But given to beautify and glad the earth.”

“Plants are poisonous and antidotal. Many of them, and

shrubs, have means of defence. These means are the prickles and thorns with which we find them armed. The euphorbia, the cactus, and other similar plants, are in a good degree preserved by their thorns from violence. The gardener may protect the rose in the green-house, but it relies upon its own means of protection in the field." See notes to "the Republic of the United States of America," page 34, where some interesting descriptions of the viper's fang, the heron's claw, and the woodpecker's bill, are quoted from "Paley's Natural Philosophy."

See also note to Stanza XLI.

NOTE 8.—STANZA XLI.

— “If God so much all strife abhors,
Why did he arm our fighting cocks with spurs ?”

The author of an interesting and able work, entitled “The Republic of the United States of America,” published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1848, makes the following observations on the principles of war :

“We find the principle of war in all things, even in Peace Societies against war. It may be seen in the elements, as displayed in the tempests of the sky, and upon the billows of the mighty deep. It may be found in the earth, in its soils and substances, in the countless forms of vegetable growth, in their processes of decay and reproduction. It may be seen in the insect world, as illustrated by its system of defence, conquest and destruction. It may be seen in the viper's fang, in the heron's claw, and in the woodpecker's tongue. It may be seen in the lion's tooth, and in the eye of the monarch of

the sea. It may be seen in all things which have life and growth; in the means of defence with which they are supplied, implying power of attack and resistance. If we look into society, we find the elements of war in the defence which is given to liberty of person, of property, and of life. In violation of law, all are taken by common consent of society. The vagrant is fined, the criminal punished, and the murderer hanged. Here we find violence to meet violence, even between individuals, where a milder course is practicable, and would prove more efficient; and yet before this step is taken, nations are called upon to denounce war, when all other remedies, in the present condition of the world, are impracticable. All reforms commence with the individual, and, after passing through the various conventional circles, reach the nation. Let the commencement be seen before the end is demanded."

NOTE 9.—STANZA XLVIII.

"And let me ask, what would the world now be
If all the priceless harvests, which the sword
Has reaped were lost?"

The following comments upon the conversion of a celebrated peace man to the war doctrine, are worthy of notice. They are from the Philadelphia Ledger of August 15, 1851:

"WAR NECESSARY.—Horace Greeley has, since his sojourn in Europe, become a convert to the physical force doctrine. He says, horrible as war is and ever must be, he deems a few battles a less evil than the perpetuity of such mental and physical bondage as is now endured by twenty millions of Italians. He remarks:

“‘When the Peace Society shall have persuaded the Emperor Nicholas or Francis Joseph to disband his armies, and rely for the support of his government on its intrinsic justice and inherent moral force, I shall be ready to enter its ranks; but while despotism, fraud and wrong are triumphantly upheld by force, I do not see how freedom, justice and progress, can safely disclaim and repudiate the only weapons that tyrants fear—the only arguments they regard.’

“Somebody has said that the very best missionary is a soldier armed to the teeth, and it does seem as if there were a necessary connection between gunpowder and political progress—that the dearest rights of humanity are to be acquired only by the expenditure of rivers of blood. The oppressors of mankind know the value of physical force, and never fail to resort to it, hence the necessity of meeting them with the same weapons.”

NOTE 10.—STANZA LXXVII.

“Upon what should be held as neutral ground,
Because disputed,” &c.

Some of our politicians, after the first flash of patriotic zeal, which the report of the advance of Taylor excited, had subsided, indulged in the very singular and illogical argument that we committed a wrong in crossing the Nueces, because our right, and the right of Texas to the territory lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande del Norte, *was disputed by the Mexicans*. These gentlemen seemed to forget that there were two sides to this dispute, and that while both nations claimed the territory in question, neither had

any exclusive jurisdiction over it. The Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande, and surely, if they were right in doing so, it could not be wrong in us to cross the Nueces.

NOTE 11.—STANZA LXXXVI.

“He escaped the jail,
Only to have an arm’d police for bail.”

The following extracts from the minutes of the interview between Generals Worth and La Vega, are a fair illustration of the Mexican character, and show the prevarication and duplicity which La Vega, although himself a man of honor, was obliged to resort to, when representing the feeble and unmanly policy of his government.

GEN. WORTH. Is the American Consul in arrest or in prison?

GEN. LA VEGA. No.

GEN. WORTH. Is he now in the exercise of his proper functions?

GEN. LA VEGA. (After apparently consulting the Licenciado Casares for a moment,) replied that he was.

GEN. WORTH. Then, as an American officer, in the name of my government and my commanding general, I demand an interview with the Consul of my country.

No reply was made by Gen. La Vega to this demand. It was repeated several times during the interview, when Gen. La Vega, although distinctly asserting that Mexico had not declared war against the United States, and that the two countries were still at peace, said he would submit the demand to Gen. Mejia, commanding at Matamoras,—adding,

"that he thought there would be great difficulty." At length Gen. Worth repeated the demand for the last time, and the report says, "Gen. La Vega then promptly refused to comply with the demand, replying, without waiting for the interpretation, (as he spoke our language well,) No, No.

GEN. WORTH. I have now to state, that a refusal of my demand to see the American Consul is regarded as a belligerent act; and, in conclusion, I have to add, the commanding general of the American forces on the left bank of the river, will regard the passage of any armed party of Mexicans in hostile array across the Rio Grande, as an act of war, and pursue it accordingly.

Executive Documents, No. 196, House of Representatives, 1st Session 29th Congress, page 114.

NOTE 12.—STANZA XCV.

"We gave Almonte, ere his rage grew cold,
His passports, and—took Texas to our fold."

Mr. Jenkins, in his admirable "History of the War between the United States and Mexico," to which I have had frequent occasion to refer for information, gives a very accurate and perspicuous account of the progress of the negotiations for the annexation of Texas, from the opening proposition of a convention of the people of that State in 1836, to its consummation. As these matters would occupy more space than is ordinarily allotted to a note, I must ask the reader to consult Mr. Jenkins' work, pages 37 to 47, and the authorities there quoted. It is enough to state, briefly, that the Mexican officials denounced the annexation of Texas as an act of war;

that they appealed to the representatives of foreign nations in Mexico, to sanction and sustain them; that England made an attempt at interference, on the pretext of abolishing slavery in Texas, and that the United States pursued the course indicated in the text.

NOTE 13.—STANZA XCVIII.

“And tried to prove themselves entirely right,
By a most silly eagerness to fight.”

Extract from General Taylor’s reply to Ampudia, April 12th, 1846.

“I need hardly advise you that, charged as I am in only a military capacity, with the performance of specific duties, I cannot enter into a discussion of the international question involved in the advance of the American army. You will, however, permit me to say, that the government of the United States has constantly sought a settlement, by negotiation, of the question of boundary; that an envoy was dispatched to Mexico for that purpose, and that, up to the most recent dates, said envoy had not been received by the actual Mexican government, if indeed he has not received his passports and left the republic. In the meantime, I have been ordered to occupy the country up to the left bank of the Rio Grande, until the boundary shall be definitely settled. In carrying out those instructions, I have carefully abstained from all acts of hostility, obeying, in this regard, not only the letter of my instructions, but the plain dictates of justice and humanity.

“The instructions under which I am acting, will not permit me to retrograde from the position I now occupy. In view

of the relations between our respective governments, and the individual suffering which may result, I regret the alternative which you offer; but, at the same time wish it understood that I shall by no means avoid such alternative, leaving the responsibility with those who rashly commence hostilities. In conclusion, you will permit me to give the assurance, that on my part, the laws and customs of war among civilized nations, shall be carefully observed."

NOTE 14.—STANZA CIX.

"Even politicians mingle in each wave."

I do not include in this eulogy those left-handed patriots who had the hardihood, or the madness, to stand almost alone in the House of Representatives, and record their votes against defending the country against the aggressions of Mexico, when the war was first announced to Congress. I leave them to enjoy the fame or the infamy they so boldly courted, and to insure their full enjoyment of it, as they then claimed and still merit, I insert their names.

The question before the House being on the passage of the bill authorizing the President to accept the services of fifty thousand volunteers, and appropriating ten millions of dollars to prosecute the war began by Mexico, 174 members voted for the bill, and the following named patriots voted against it, viz :

Luther Severance, of Maine; Erastus D. Culver, of Vermont; John Quincey Adams, George Ashman, Joseph Grinnell, Charles Hudson and Daniel P. King, of Massachusetts; Henry Y. Cranston, of Rhode Island; John Strohm, of Penn-

sylvania; Columbus Delano, Joshua R. Giddings, Joseph M. Root, Daniel R. Tilden and Joseph Vance, of Ohio.—Total, 14.

NOTE 15.—STANZA CXXI.

“ And Freedom dreaded, while Mankind abhor’d,
The bootless triumphs of his flaming sword.”

John S. C. Abbott, Esq., in his admirable sketches of Napoleon Bonaparte, published in “Harper’s New Monthly Magazine,” gives the following just and clear description of the character and conduct of Wellington, in contrast with those of Napoleon. “It is greatly to Napoleon’s honor, that such men as the Duke of Wellington were contending against him. It is, in itself, evidence of the righteousness of his cause. Probably there cannot be found in the world a man more resolutely hostile to popular reform, than was the Duke of Wellington. He was hated by the people. They had pelted him with mud through the streets of London, and he had been compelled to barricade his windows against their assaults. Even the soldiers under his command in Spain, had no affection for his person; and, notwithstanding all the calumnies of the British press, they loved, around their camp-fires, to tell stories of the goodness of Napoleon. Many, too, of these soldiers, after the battle of Waterloo, were sent to Canada. I am informed, by a gentleman of commanding character and intelligence, that when a child, he has sat for hours listening to the anecdotes in favor of Napoleon, which those British soldiers had picked up in the camp. Yet, true to military discipline, they would stand firmly to their colors

in the hour of battle. They were proud of the grandeur of the ‘Iron Duke,’ but no soldier loved him. We will imitate Napoleon’s magnanimity, in not questioning the sincerity of the Duke of Wellington’s convictions, that an aristocratic government is best for the people. We simply state the undeniable *fact*, that his hostility was deadly to all popular reform.”—*Harper’s New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. IX., p. 32.

NOTE 16.—STANZA CXXIII.

“—— there’s nothing in a name.”

“What’s in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet,” &c.

Romeo and Juliet.

NOTE 17.—STANZA CXXXVII.

“For its resplendent lore in Greek and Roman,
And arts, of practical behoof to no man.”

I do not mean to apply this reproach to Princeton College alone. But it is a lamentable fact, that the best years of our youth, are sacrificed, under a system of education invented centuries ago, which is wholly inconsistent with the views and interests of the present day,—in studying the dead languages, —when it is obvious to the most “casual observer” that all the good contained in the history and literature of Greece and Rome, has been extracted and rendered into good English in years long gone by, and when the study of those languages is but a loss of time and labor.

NOTE 18.—STANZA CCXXXVIII.

“ His case is quite in point, for we remember
His pitiless imprisonment at Ham.”

When Louis Napoleon Bonaparte made his first effort to obtain the throne of France, he was accompanied by a handful of hairbrained adventurers, who, after a most ridiculous exhibition of heroic folly, were quietly handed over to the police, and their leader sent to the castle of Ham, more for safe keeping as a lunatic, than for punishment as a criminal. He was then considered a fool. When the revolution which displaced the “Citizen King,” Louis Phillippe, and made way for a rickety republic, gave Louis Napoleon an opportunity to return to France, after his escape from Ham, he played the democrat so well, that people were astonished at his good sense and liberal views. He soon became immensely popular, and was elected President; but while France and the rest of the world were agitating the question of his re-election, or the choice of a successor, he very coolly, and almost noiselessly, put an end to the dispute, by overthrowing the republic and re-instating the empire of his illustrious uncle. The fool of Ham, and the democrat of the faubourgs, became at once the centre and soul of France, and the gossiping world discovered, *when he made them feel it*, that he was really a great man, and as capable of wielding a sceptre as any of the legitimate sovereigns, who rule the destinies of admiring nations by the “grace of God,” and the stupidity of the people!

Such instances of the virtue of success are innumerable in the history of mankind. Columbus was considered insane by

half the world, until he proved, by discovering the other half, that his theory was correct. Fulton was laughed at and pelted by a mob in New York, when he made the first experimental trial of his steamboat, and Father Miller, of earth-destroying notoriety, has failed to rival the glories of Mahomet or Joe Smith, merely because he erred in his figures, in fixing the destruction of the world at the time when it ought to have occurred, instead of when it will occur.

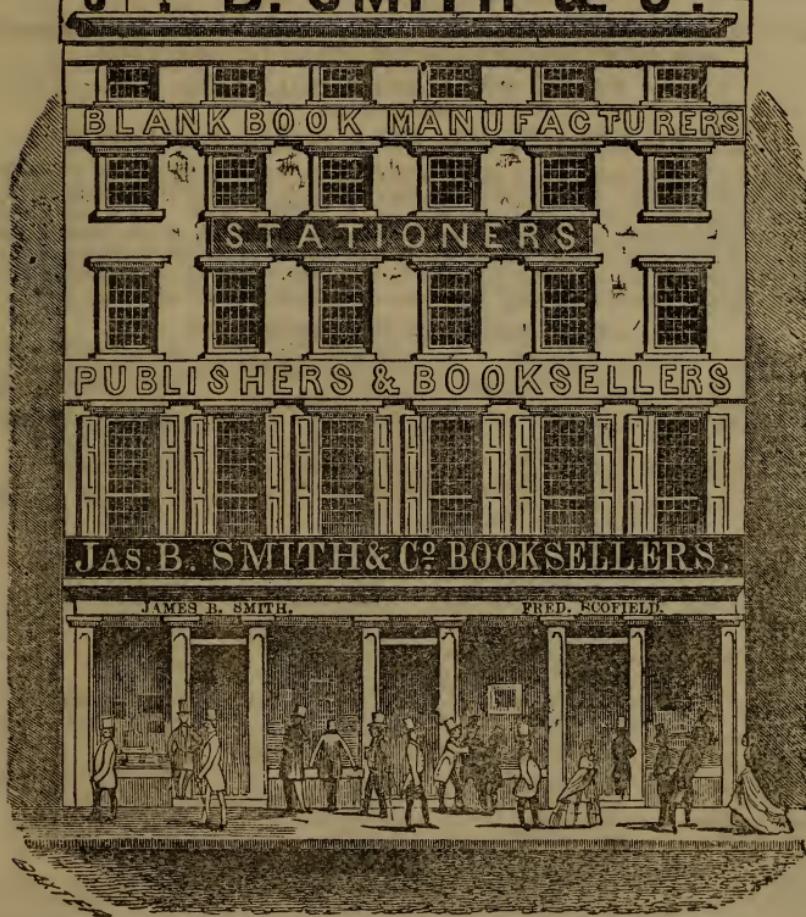
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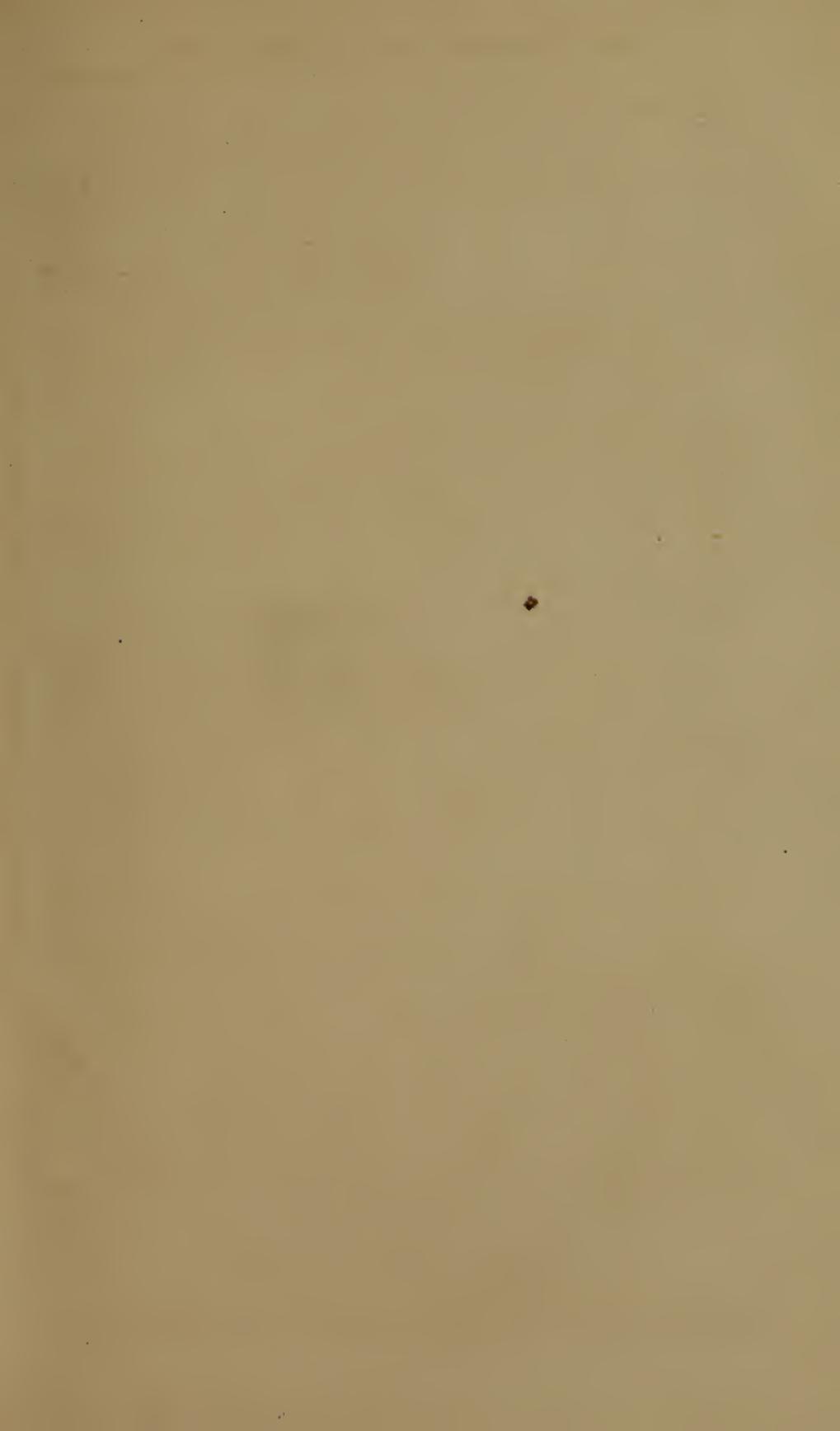
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